EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

THE AGE OF WOUK: MAXWELL GEISMAR

THE Nation

NOVEMBER 5, 1955

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FALL BOOK ISSUE

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Two Obstructive Votes In The Keystone State

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

ABOUT a year ago Pennsylvania elected by some 275,000 votes its first Democratic governor in twenty years. George M. Leader, 37-year-old chicken farmer and state senator of York county, assumed office last January after a successful campaign wherein he had stressed his intention to reform the health and welfare operations of state government, to enlist the state in a program to combat unemployment, to establish new industry, and to expand state services to school children, farmers, industrial workers, and those who through no fault of their own required public financial assistance.

No one could reasonably say that Leader was elected primarily because of his program. He was so obviously a sincere and high-minded candidate, opposed by a Republican hack, that personal appeal may have played a large part in his victory. But he had a program, nonetheless. And he was elected with this program at the same time that he had promised to reduce state revenue produced by the Republican sales tax of 1953. The sales tax, Leader assured Pennsylvanians, would die at its terminal date of August 31, 1955, if he were elected. It did.

To provide the revenue for his legislative program, Leader proposed a classified income tax. This tax plan would levy assessments ranging from 6 per cent on capital gains to 5 per cent on dividends to 1 per cent on wages. Clearly, it is based upon the ability of the citizen to pay.

The measure passed the Pennsylvania house of representatives, where the Democrats hold a majority, but the Republicans who control the state senate by two votes sent it to defeat. Further to indicate their insensitivity to the Leader program, the G. O. P. legislators have kept bottled up in committee some 500 bills already approved by the house, the majority of which deal with health, education, welfare, and economic development.

Such balking goes on in the face of statistics which show Pennsylvania ranking forty-fifth among states in mental-health facilities, and twenty-eighth in education. It totally lacks a public program for care of retarded children, or for assistance in juvenile problems, and it possesses more areas of "acute" unemployment than any other state.

The senate Republicans, said Governor Leader to a meeting of steelworkers a few weeks ago, "reactionary in politics and selfish and cynical in their personal outlook, have chosen to ignore the advantages and merits of the income tax and yet have been curiously barren of any concrete proposals of their own which would come near solving the state's financial dilemma."

BUT THE G. O. P. has come up with one plan: a 2-per-cent sales tax that would not return enough revenue to meet the financial obligations incurred by previous state administrations, much less permit any expansion of facilities. The tax, however, would certainly fall chiefly on wage-earners, and this is what commends it to a Republican high command, whose officers virtually form an interlocking directorate with the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association and the Pennsylvania Chamber of Commerce. Master strategist for this combine is G. Mason Owlett, a former state senator who is now Republican national committeeman and chief executive of the P. M. A.

The strategy handed on down from the P. M. A. by way of Owlett to the Republican majority in the senate is coordinated, at least in the field if not in party headquarters, with bristling oratorical forays by Senator Duff, who has announced his candidacy for renomination in 1956 and who has apparently permitted this consideration to override the once strenuous objections he used to make to the P. M. A., Owlett, and that old patriarch of Pennsylvania reaction, P. M. A. founder Joe Grundy. The character of Duff's remarks can be judged by the phrase he applied to Governor Leader: "a political upstart in short pants." Nevertheless, Duff, whose period as governor from 1946 to 1950 was noteworthy for a Republican legislature which passed a number of good bills without devising a tax system to pay for them, has thought it discreet not to engage in public debate with an "upstart." Leader's direct invitation to Duff to discuss Pennsylvania politics on TV was ignored.

The situation in Pennsylvania is so manifestly a matter of delay and deception—two votes in a state senate holding the line *against* improved services to the people and *for* a sales tax, *against* the public welfare and *for* the special interests—that it might be wondered how the Republicans hope to get away with it and still make a comeback at the polls. The answer is that Leader administration efforts to get the facts through to the voters are drowned in the deluge of the state's daily and weekly newspapers. The press of Pennsylvania, not so much through distortion in its news columns as through constant prominence given to inconsequential political matters, creates an impression which does not derive from the facts. Leader's few television appearances and his speeches before labor unions—all of which supported the classified income-tax proposal—have a momentary effect in restricted areas. But not enough to build up a storm against the Republican delaying action in Harrisburg, nor enough to rouse the public as Leader roused them a year ago in his campaign.

The chances are that the Democrats may be backed eventually into acceptance of a tax they do not like

(Continued on page 408)

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THE Nation

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

The Shape of Things

The Pursuit of Unity

At its September meeting the Plymouth Monthly Meeting of Friends was unable to achieve unity of feeling on the question of whether to keep or return an award of $5,000 received from the Fund for the Republic in recognition of "courageous and effective defense of democratic principles" in having refused to dismiss Mary Knowles, a librarian employed by the William Jeanes Memorial Library. The library is owned and operated by the society. Mrs. Knowles, who refused to take a Pennsylvania loyalty oath, had previously been dismissed from a librarian's post in Norwood, Massachusetts, for invoking the Fifth Amendment when questioned about her beliefs. The issue was precipitated when approximately sixty of the 110 adult members of the society signed a round-robin asking that the matter of the award be reconsidered. The petition was circulated by a wealthy philatelist, Mrs. Phillip Corson, not a member of the society, on behalf of a local group known as Alerted Americans. Of the sixty signers, thirty had not attended a meeting of the society in some years and only twelve were active on its committees—circumstances which doubtless account for the apparent lack of familiarity with the historic opposition of Quakers to test oaths.

When the issue came up on October 18, the society was again unable to achieve unity of feeling and action was postponed until the November meeting. Such patience in the pursuit of truth and unity must be vastly exasperating to "alerted" zealots hellbent on hounding dissenters from their jobs. It once took the main Philadelphia society over a century to resolve a major issue. It seems likely, therefore, that Mrs. Corson and other Alerted Americans may have to wait quite a time for the scalp of Mary Knowles. Will their patience, one wonders, be equal to their passion for conformity? In the meantime, support for Mrs. Knowles is building up in other meetings of the Friends; eight societies have now gone on record in support of her position.

Eugene Victor Debs

This week marks the centennial anniversary of the birth of Eugene Victor Debs, born November 5, 1855. Despite the fact that the influence of the Socialist Party in its various present-day incarnations was never less significant in American politics, admiration and affection for the memory of Debs is perhaps more widespread than at any time in the last century. In part this is due to the circumstance that American Socialists of Deb's generation have achieved a posthumous triumph; even the Republican Party has come to accept, under the slogan "dynamic conservatism," reforms for which they labored. But it is not Socialists alone who honor Debs. He was the kind of political leader who, as *The Nation* pointed out in an editorial at the time of his death, who added to his love of human beings "a love for humanity."

> ". . . The two are not always combined. The concern for humanity, the vision, the dauntless courage, the uncompromising spirit of the prophet and pioneer may be consistent with a ruthless disregard for the immediate interests of individual human beings. It was not so with Debs. His courage was born of love. His passion for mankind, his hope for the workers grew out of the love of comrades, not only as they might become but as they were with all their faults and weaknesses. In this combination of dauntless, far-seeing idealist, and simple lover of men lay the man's greatness." (The Nation, November 3, 1926.)

The heritage of Debs for present and future generations of American radicals of all varieties consists in just this: that the zeal for reform must always be tempered by a concern for human beings; the reformer, radical, or prophet who does not love people may have his social uses, but he will bear watching.

Hatchet Work

In revoking the tax-exempt status of the Institute of Pacific Relations, the Internal Revenue Service has in effect publicly confessed that the rule of law has been superseded by the death-dealing power of the political tommyhawk or hatchet. The facts are simply stated. In April, 1954, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue sent the international I. P. R. one of the regular questionnaires sent periodically to all tax-exempt organizations. The questionnaire was answered in detail but no reply was received. A year later, on May 26, 1955, the Commissioner notified the international I. P. R. that its tax exemption was revoked and that the ruling would be retroactive to January 1, 1955. The Commissioner's only argument—no formal charges were ever filed against the I. P. R.—was that the organization had "pursued its objectives through other than educational means" and had "to a substantial extent engaged in the dissemination of controversial and partisan propaganda." All informed persons know, of course, that the

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COVER DESIGN
by Carl Weiss

I. P. R. avoided partisan propaganda; no resolutions were passed, no particular views or courses of action were ever advocated. Then, on July 26, the Commissioner revoked the tax exemption of the *American* I. P. R. because as an affiliate, it was "dependent" on the international I. P. R.—the first case of institutional guilt-by-association with which we are familiar. It is perfectly obvious that the retiring Commissioner of Internal Revenue, T. Coleman Andrews, a close friend of Senator McCarthy's, finally capitulated to more than a year's steady pressure from Senator Eastland when he signed these notices. The notices present an outstanding partisan victory for the China Lobby and a serious blow to objective research and scholarship on Far Eastern affairs. If ever there was a need for a vital, flourishing research foundation concerned with Pacific affairs it is today when the needs for reliable information for policy guidance were never greater. Quite apart from this practical consideration, only one proposition can be asserted with certainty about the political pendulum, namely, that it swings. Suppose a left-of-center administration should come to power in Washington the day after tomorrow. Should the tax-exempt status of all foundations engaged in forms of research of which the "left" did not approve then be regarded as "fair game" to be revoked by administrators responsive to the whims and wishes of vindictive legislators? There will be precedent for such action if this outrageous ruling is permitted to stand.

In Mencken's Home Town

The recent experience of Leon M. Uris, novelist and Hollywood screenwriter, brings into sharp focus John H. Griffin's powerful attack on secret censors on page 382 of this issue. Among Mr. Uris's novels is "Battle Cry," which he also adapted for the screen. Last February the picture had its premiere in Baltimore, Mr. Uris's native city, and the author was accorded a "local-boy-makes-good" welcome with all the trimmings. Mayor D'Alesandro issued a proclamation declaring February to be "Battle Cry Month"; from the stage of the Stanley Theater on opening night he read another proclamation which began, "I, Thomas D'Alesandro, Jr., Mayor of the City of Baltimore, do hereby designate you [Mr. Uris] as an Honored and Outstanding Citizen of Baltimore, worthy of high recognition for your contribution. . . ." etc., etc.

Mr. Uris's high standing with the Mayor of Baltimore lasted about eight months. Today the novel "Battle Cry" is included in a list of some 500 objectionable" books which the Mayor has circulated among all the city's booksellers, and has been withdrawn from sale by many. The initiative for the drawing up of the list was taken by the National Organization for Decent Literature, mentioned in Mr. Griffin's article. The group's ostensible aim is to drive salacious comic books and magazines out of Baltimore's book

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marts. But its list includes novels by Hemingway, Faulkner, Norman Mailer, and James T. Farrell.

Mr. Uris is not one to take things lying down. He has written *The Nation:*

> This is the most vile form of thought control. There is no legal way to combat groups like the National Organization for Decent Literature, which uses fear as its weapon. Theirs is the same type of operation—the circulation of blacklists—which we have seen used so many times in recent years. The precedent is indeed dangerous when a small group can band together and use the office of an elected official to impose censorship on the entire population.

Mr. Uris has also prepared a memorandum for Mayor D'Alesandro, which reads in part:

> Please tell your committee that Uris is honored to be mentioned alongside Hemingway, Zola, Faulkner, and Farrell among those who would "corrupt the morals of Baltimoreans." That's damned good company, and I hope to prove worthy. . . . In a free society, we must live with these small-minded groups of malcontent blowhards who live in mental vacuums and purist ivory towers. Every so often, they pull out their little peashooters in the belief they have suddenly become divinely inspired. They do this without process of law. And, in so doing, they attack the very cornerstones of freedom upon which this nation was founded. . . .

We wonder what that other distinguished citizen of Baltimore, Mr. H. L. Mencken, thinks of all this.

Nixon's "FEPC"

Washington

IN A SUITE of the White House Annex, barred from reporters by secret-service agents, Vice-President Nixon asked fifty-five government contractors to end job discrimination in their plants. With their cooperation, he suggested the Administration's "civil-rights objectives" could be achieved by 1965, which will be the 100th anniversary of Lincoln's death; without their cooperation, the Administration might not survive past the 1956 elections. Nixon is the chairman of the sixteen-man Committee on Government Contracts, which is the Eisenhower Administration's answer to the Democrats' proposed FEPC legislation. That is to say, it is supposed to enforce the anti-discrimination clause appearing in all government contracts, which is potentially a powerful weapon for breaking down Jim Crow in the South. However, Nixon has never used the weapon for this purpose, nor indeed, has his committee done anything even remotely newsworthy until the October 25 meeting.

The humiliating failure of his little FEPC was only hinted at in the press conference which followed the meeting. Insofar as the story can be pieced together, it shows Nixon as a fumbling reformer far different from the self-confident Red-hunter of the 1954 campaign. In the first place, despite a requirement that a placard be hung in all contractors' plants attesting to the firm's compliance with the clause, the workers are either so little aware of the Nixon committee or so dubious about it that only 147 of possibly 15,000,000 eligible workers have made complaints. Secondly, in the seventy-two cases where individual complaints have been corrected, the general pattern of discrimination from which the complaints arose still exists. For example, in the District of Columbia, which the Nixon committee would like to make into a racial showplace, the race-conscious Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company promoted two Negro accounting clerks from its all-colored branch office to a hitherto all-white main office, but it would make no guarantees about the Negroes left behind in the "ghetto" office. In the one big case in which the pattern itself was involved, the committee has so far been stymied. In this instance, which involves a series of Jim Crow contracts between unions and Texas oil refineries, the committee has been frightened off by the fear that if the contract is rewritten, the unions will stage a walkout.

The conference with the contractors represents a new approach to the problem, which at once simplifies it and glamorizes it. Instead of sending staff men out to quibble with the personnel officers of second-string firms, Nixon is attempting to sell "job equality" to what amounts to the Board of Directors of United States industry. If the idea can be sold at all, there is no doubt that this group can sell it. Comprised of the heads of General Electric, General Motors, Ford, Monsanto Chemical, Standard Oil of New Jersey, it does an annual business of $43,500,000,000—which is 15 per cent of all manufacturing sales; its employees represent 15 per cent of the country's workers. After listening to these moguls discussing ways and means of carrying out the integration program, Secretary of Commerce Weeks declared the conference a milestone in a new era. "It's hard to believe," he declared in a short address, "that it has taken nearly a hundred years for national leadership to call together the [people] who have the major responsibility for solving this problem, to discuss it with them in free 'give and take,' and ask their cooperation."

Nobody can argue very seriously with the general theme of the conference—that integration is not only sound sociology, but also sound business. After integration is achieved, one speaker suggested, thirty billions will be added to the already existing four-hundred-billion gross national product. Nor can it be denied that these big contractors owe some consideration to the Eisenhower Administration in return for its highly favorable profit margins, particularly in defense contracts. Even so, it would be front-page news, indeed, if such a major social revolution as this could be worked with no other driving force than a desire to help reelect the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration. That Nixon and Weeks are so optimistic about it reflects a faith in the uncommon man that has not been equalled since the Grant Administration.

EDGAR KEMLER.

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RHEE'S WAR ON JAPAN

An Embarrassing Ally . . *by O. Edmund Clubb*

PRESIDENT SYNGMAN RHEE of the Republic of Korea (ROK) fulminates periodically against China and the Soviet Union. With nearly equal regularity, he wins commitments for increased economic and military aid from the United States, indulgent as it is to his "anti-communism." But there is another, seamier side to the picture: The Seoul government has been warring with equal wrath, and even greater practical effect, against Korea's third great neighbor in Northeast Asia—Japan.

This is an ancient feud. China, Russia, and Japan in the 1890's began a triangular tug-of-war for Korea. China claimed sovereignty, Russia felt the urge of "manifest destiny," and Japan viewed the peninsula as being "like a dagger at Japan's heart." Japan won the struggle for dominance and annexed the "Hermit Kingdom" in 1910. When V-J Day in 1945 struck the hour for honoring the promise of the Cairo Declaration that Korea should regain its independence, an "old revolutionary," Syngman Rhee, was among the candidates for leadership; when the ROK government was formally established on August 15, 1948, he held the palladium of power. At that moment of history, the United States remained technically at war with Japan and its armed forces were in occupation of the country. It was easy, then, to overlook the circumstance that for thirty-five years Syngman Rhee had made a profession, almost a religion, of being anti-Japanese.

The whole American-Japanese relationship underwent a fundamental change under the impact of the Korean aggression of 1950. The two countries signed both a peace treaty and a security pact in September, 1951, and the United States began to regard its ex-enemy as an ally. But those developments in Northeast Asia did not change the thinking of Syngman Rhee in the same way. During the critical period of the Korean War, he curbed his enmity toward Japan. As early as October, 1951, in fact, through the good offices of SCAP (General Douglas MacArthur), ROK and Japanese representatives launched preliminary talks aimed at regularization of relations between South Korea and Japan. Formal negotiations began February 15, 1952, only to break down two months later. They were resumed in April, 1953, then recessed in July. A third round of talks started on October 16, but were interrupted when Japanese delegate Kubota spoke in favor of mutual concessions and observed further that Japanese rule in Korea had not been entirely bad. Korean delegates walked out of the conference in high dudgeon. Despite subsequent conciliatory Japanese moves and prayerful attempts by American generals, ambassadors, and special envoys to mediate, the two sides have not been brought together again.

SEOUL'S hostility toward the Island Empire takes concrete form. By a unilateral declaration of January 18, 1952, in what might be viewed as a typical Rhee gambit for the ROK-Japanese negotiations which were then about to begin, the ROK government drew a "Rhee Line" through the middle of the Japan Sea at an average of sixty and a maximum of 170 nautical miles from Korea's shores. When Japanese fishing vessels cross that line, they are subject to capture and confiscation by Rhee's navy (given him by the United States) and the luckless crews imprisoned. The Tokyo Foreign Office reported last August 18 that a total of 542 Japanese fishermen were being held, under harsh conditions, in Rhee's jails.

The extension of Rhee's sovereignty over the high seas left Takeshima, two islands long recognized as Japanese and formally incorporated into the Japanese Empire in 1905, lying west of the Rhee Line. In July 1954, after a declaration of sovereignty by the ROK Assembly, Rhee's navy occupied these islands. Tokyo proposed on September 25 that the question of ownership of Takeshima be put before the International Court of Justice. Seoul rejected the proposal, and the Rhee Line remains its own authority—for the present.

But the sorest spot in ROK-Japanese relations is trade. During the Korean War, the U. N. command used Japan as a staging ground for troops, and Japan's industry worked in support of the U. N. operations in Korea. Japan derived benefits from the arrangement: United States procurements in Japan averaged about $700,000,000 annually for the three years of the war. But the U. N. action also profited from Japan's contribution. And when the fighting was over and the United States projected a billion-dollar rehabilitation program for South Korea, American officials believed that many of the Korean needs could most economically, and for obvious political reasons ought to be, satisfied by Japanese industry.

Seoul and Tokyo had signed a trade agreement as long ago as June, 1950. ROK-United States accords reached in November, 1954, for American economic aid were contingent upon a ROK agreement in principle that some of the needed materials would be procured in Japan. Syngman Rhee nevertheless stubbornly strangles trade with Japan. South Korea is considered a rice-surplus area, and reputedly has a three-year surplus available for export—but not to its Japanese neighbor. South Korea's agriculture needs imported fertilizer, but Seoul boycotts the Japanese product. And the ROK trade embargo extends to goods purchased for Korean reconstruction with United States funds. As a result of Rhee's tactics, both Japan and the United States suffer heavy economic losses.

O. EDMUND CLUBB is a former American Foreign Service officer who spent twenty years in the Far East.

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Syngman Rhee's motives are of course complex, but one important element is undoubtedly a fear that Japan, with its superior technology, industrial capacity, and national discipline, might succeed in dominating Korea a second time. He was relieved of any pressing necessity of accepting political and economic reconciliation with Japan when the United States, paying his price for agreement to the truce of July, 1953, underwrote the ROK military establishment, its foreign affairs, and its economy. He feels no worry over economic dislocations resulting from his policy; he simply relies upon the United States to make up deficits.

THE political loss to the United States is one cost no Congressional appropriation can offset. Before the North Korean aggression, American strategists had visualized this country's "first line of defense" as running from the Aleutians through Japan to the Philippines; after June, 1950, their planning embraced South Korea and Formosa as well. Even before President Eisenhower in his 1953 inaugural address spoke in favor of "regional groupings of free peoples," the concept of a linked front in the West Pacific had taken firm root. The plan as first developed by the Republican Administration was broad enough in scope to include Indo-China, the Philippines, and Thailand, as well as Formosa, South Korea, and Japan. When it proved impossible to get Formosa and other states north of the Philippine Islands to participate in the founding of SEATO, Secretary of State Dulles in August, 1953, disclosed that there had been consideration of joining Formosa, South Korea, Japan, and the United States together in another security grouping. But all such schemes foundered on the rock of Rhee's adamant opposition to joining hands with his ancient enemies.

The ROK philosophy was set forth in an official statement issued in Seoul on March 6, 1954 (on the eve of signature of American-Japanese mutual-defense agreements):

> The Korean theory is that if the United States insists upon rearming the treacherous Japanese, she [the United States] should insure herself and other free peoples from another program of conquest by the Japanese when they think the time is ripe.

Syngman Rhee

> A matching Korean force would serve as a restraining influence on the Japanese while at the same time providing a dependable bastion against communism. It is not at all out of the range of possibility that the Japanese would swing about and join the Communists if the opportunity came—or if the price was tempting.

The situation, far from improving, has recently deteriorated. In a Memorial Day rally in Seoul on May 30 of this year, there was a "popular" demonstration against Japanese diplomatic and trade overtures to Communist nations—allegedly including North Korea. A speaker of the ROK National Assembly told the rally: "We . . . should unite in smashing Japan's pro-Communist tendency." Seoul charged on August 17 that Tokyo had helped Korean Communists in Japan to smuggle funds and materials into South Korea for the overthrow of the ROK government, and announced that it would thenceforth refrain from any negotiations with Tokyo for regularization of diplomatic relations. All travel by Koreans between the two countries was banned.

In a noteworthy interview in September with Gordon Walker of the *Christian Science Monitor,* President Rhee candidly laid down the prerequisites for resumption of negotiations between South Korea and Japan:

> Japan must agree to settle our minimum demands. . . . Japan must withdraw, unconditionally, claims to Korean property . . . together with renunciation of the insulting Kubota statement. Japan must recognize our fishery line [Rhee Line], which was drawn for the purpose of maintaining peace between Korea and Japan. Japan must release Koreans held illegally. . . . Japan must not tolerate existence of two or three pro-Communist or anti-ROK organizations of Korean traitors in Japan which . . . seek to undermine or overthrow the government of Korea. Japan must abandon its growing desire to trade and engage in other friendly relations with Communist North Korea, China, and the Soviet Union. Japan must renounce the protectorate and annexation treaties imposed upon Korea in 1905 and 1910. . . .

Rhee cannot thus imperiously impose his will on Japan. The ROK army today is four times the size of Japan's, but the ROK military strength has been borrowed from the United States and is no true measure of South Korean capabilities. Japan knows for one thing that Rhee is not immortal, and anticipates in any event that time will work changes in Northeast Asia. The United States, except as its authority has been projected on alien territory in Okinawa, Japan proper, Formosa, and the Philippines, is thousands of miles distant. To defend either the U. N. position in South Korea or the "island defense chain," the support of Japan is indispensable and American strategy in the West Pacific consequently hinges on Japan. In that situation, Japan must inevitably command a higher rating than South Korea.

It was actually decided in 1954 to evacuate all United States forces from South Korea, but Rhee promptly announced that the front lines were "collapsing" and the decision was amended to keep two United States divisions in positions behind the ROK front. The fact remains that, as Secretary of the Army Brucker acknowledged last month, some American military leaders believe that all United States forces in Korea should be returned home "at an early date."

If the Communists were to succeed in their strategic aim of prying Japan loose from its Western connections, South Korea would be affected directly. "Divide and rule" is a Communist as well as an old Roman axiom. Syngman Rhee's efforts to subordinate the American-Japanese relationship to his ingrained animosity must consequently be viewed as dangerous mischief.

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READERS STILL READ

Old Habits Survive TV . . *by Hazel Cooley*

THE number of TV sets in American homes has doubled in the last three years. Today it stands at 36,000,000, or approximately one for every four persons in the country. What has this tremendous mass-communication medium done to the reading habits of the nation? Helen Evelyn Peerless, a librarian at the Elmhurst branch of the Queens Borough (New York City) Public Library, has made a refreshingly objective study of this subject, using the readers of her own library as the chief object of her survey but extending it to other libraries and to "certain allied fields." Her findings seem to upset the commonly held notion that books and periodicals are doomed to become relics of a bygone age, the victims of the ubiquitous twenty-one inch screen.

Miss Peerless explored first the experience of book publishers. Surprisingly, the author was informed by both the American Book Publishers Council and the American Booksellers Association that their organizations had collected no data on the effect television has had on America's reading habits. The author then wrote individually to representative book-publishing firms. The replies all expressed regret that their answers could not be more than informed guesses.

Most agreed that when families first acquired a TV set, everyone was eager to see and hear, and this took time away from reading. However, when this interest levelled off and where reading had been an ingrained family or individual habit, it came back. The publishers also cited changes in their business caused by tense world conditions and soaring book prices. But nowhere was there concern that television would seriously harm the publishing industry.

The author then investigated the experience of magazine publishers. This business is more involved than book publishing because two things are at stake: advertising space as well as magazine content. Research departments of magazine publishers are therefore constantly alert to the moods of their readers, and surveys by magazine publishers are not uncommon. She quotes from two magazine publishers' surveys on television.

THE McGraw-Hill firm, publishers of a chain of business magazines, polled close to a thousand subscribers to learn how TV had effected their reading of a particular periodical. Slightly less than 25 per cent replied and of this number 57 per cent owned sets. The finding here was that business magazines, generally read during office hours, were not exposed to the competition of entertainment through television. Reading did not suffer at all; set owners and non-owners read essentially the same number of business publications.

Puck, the Comic Weekly, retained Harvey W. Zorbaugh of New York University and C. Wright Mills of Columbia University to learn how mass-communication forces are affected by TV. They elicited these facts:

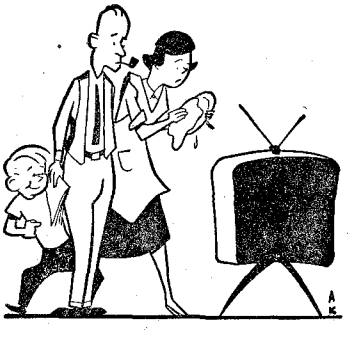
1. Newspapers are read by 90 per cent of TV owners, as against 86 per cent of non-TV owners.
2. Magazines are read by 54 per cent of TV owners, as against 52 per cent of non-TV owners.
3. Books are read by 29 per cent of TV owners, as against 35 per cent of non-TV owners.
4. Among those who continue to read at all, there is a 17 per cent decline in book reading with the arrival of TV. The reading of books remains most firmly entrenched among college graduates, but even on this level, only 53 per cent reported having read one or more books during the preceding month. There is, however, little correlation between education and the reading of newspapers and magazines.
5. Book reading eventually shows a substantial recovery to a level approximating the pre-TV norm.
6. Of those interviewed 49 per cent reported a complete discontinuance of reading after the arrival of the TV set.

Puck concluded that TV would not harm them as an effective advertising medium.

As a librarian, however, Miss Peerless was concerned with the 49 per cent who stopped reading when TV moved in. She comments: "On the credit side, there is evidence that where reading was a habit to begin with it did not take long to reestablish itself. Moreover, there are the statistics showing that although only 29 per cent of TV owners read books, not more than 35 per cent of those without sets do, either. Accepting the fact that book readers in any community are in the minority, the difference of 6 per cent is not particularly alarming."

THE advertising firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn in 1950 concluded a sampling study of 5,657 people in cities across the country. They observed that "other activities are far from dead, and the study shows the amazing capacity of the American public to take a new medium in its stride without any other activity taking the full brunt."

Other commercial polls by distributors of magazines found that magazines and newspapers reported a slight increase, if anything, in volume of business. The Magazine Advertising Bureau quoted an average increase of 2.7 per cent in the circulation of thirty-seven magazines, while the advertising firm of



HAZEL COOLEY, author of "Vision in Television," writes frequently for The Nation *on new developments in the industry.*

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Geyer, Newell & Ganger found that among 168 papers in sixty-two cities, 75 per cent of morning papers and 81 per cent of evening papers had reported gains in circulation.

Miss Peerless next surveys the findings of libraries. She quotes the American Institute of Public Opinion which, in a recent study that included England, Norway, Canada, Australia, and Sweden, stated that the United States had the lowest percentage of book readers of any of the countries polled. Nevertheless, the conclusion of many libraries, particularly those that had conducted polls, was generally the same: that any adverse effect TV might have on reading diminishes with time.

"Once the novelty wears off there is a return to books—better books than had been read previously. Much credit for the broadened horizons is given to educational TV programs which ignite the spark of curiosity and generate a desire for more thorough information." The type of reading stimulated by television is apt to be non-fiction and a major part of the lost circulation is in the area of light or "pastime" reading. Many librarians felt this was a good trend, for then the library would be able to strengthen its reference and informational facilities. There are still some librarians who look upon TV as a powerful competitor but many others now regard it as a wonderful help in spreading ideas. They are the ones who want to use the medium as an ally, as fully as possible.

TOWARD this end, some libraries have installed television sets in their buildings. In Louisville, Kentucky, where the city provided sets for its branch libraries, the nightly attendance was between 1,000 and 1,800. This resulted in a 40 per cent increase in circulation. The Cleveland Public Library and the Ferguson Library of Stamford, Connecticut, are two others which have used television on the same principle. There are libraries which have produced television programs on their own and consider them rewarding and worthy of the trouble. The American Library Association has a television subcommittee and the library profession on the whole is receptive to television and anxious to utilize it to the best possible advantage.

Scanning the big cities, the chief librarian at the Los Angeles Public Library—the largest circulating library in the world—stated that he had watched circulation statistics rise steadily between 1942 and 1949, hit a "TV-drop" year in 1950-51, and then, beginning in 1952, go into a skyrocketing spiral. Other comments in Los Angeles indicate that TV is apparently leading people to their nearest library and that their taste in books is far less "escapist" than in the past. They no longer want the latest Western or light love

story. They ask for books on religion, philosophy, and world affairs.

The New York City library has not undertaken a formal investigation regarding the effect of TV on reading. However, the circulation at its libraries is rising and attendance at library-sponsored programs is growing, so no bad effects are registered. The supervisor pointed out that as each new medium—motion pictures, radio, and now TV—appeared, prophets of doom pronounced this the end of reading. What actually happened was that the medium was gradually absorbed into the social pattern and what was learned from it created a greater demand for books.

Brooklyn also reports a boom and an 85 per cent increase in circulation since 1945. No formal surveys have been made in Brooklyn either, but a spokesman pointed to soaring statistics. Their chief librarian believes television has stimulated reading and has made people more aware of realities than they were before the set appeared in the home. The result is a demand for hard-headed, factual books of non-fiction in many fields.

The overall testimony of libraries indicates positively that their present healthy state reflects no adverse effects from television; in fact, TV has been a definite factor in the national upswing in reading.

Miss Peerless concludes with this observation: "The traditional concept of the library as a repository for *belles lettres* is obviously due for reappraisal; the watchword dictated by the times appears to be 'Information!' rather than 'Amusement!'... The paradox of the Queens Borough Public Library's rising circulation and the borough-wide TV penetration of 88 per cent (in 1953) indicates that reading and televiewing are highly compatible activities. . . . The Elmhurst survey as well as previous studies establishes the tendency of TV to have a diminishing effect on leisure-time activities once the initial enthusiasm has abated. The TV set is now an accepted part of the American home. . . ."

Mr. Harold Tucker, chief librarian at the Elmhurst Library, in an interview with this writer stated that at the time the slump in reading was noticeable, there were other factors besides television that had to be considered. There was the Korean emergency, employment was high, people were working overtime, and there was little time left for reading. That one medium complements another is demonstrated by the library's experience with books Walt Disney has made unforgettable. The popularity of his movie productions, "The Vanishing Prairie," "Living Desert," and "Twenty Thousand Leagues" has resulted in a continuous demand for these books in the library. Eric Knight's "Lassie Comes Home," "Peter Pan" (more popular with the oldsters than even the youngsters) are other examples. The documentary shown on Helen Keller brought innumerable calls for her biography and other related material.

FROM the foregoing analysis and analyses of numerous other surveys, this writer sees every indication that the preferences of people all over the country, although they may not be aware of it, is for "informational" and "factual" TV programs. These can best be satisfied through the complete use of the educational TV channels. These channels exist principally to inform, and that is the business of educators. When this fact is absorbed by the people of the country, and they demand that the educational channel set aside in their community be activated, they will get the kind of programs they say they want.

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THE CULTURAL SNOB

There Is No "Highbrow" Art . . . *by John Berger*

London

IN THIS century the out-and-out social snob has become rare, or anyway is more inhibited in his behavior. The cultural snob, on the other hand, has multiplied and is more and more bare-faced in the expression of his snobbery. There are of course many other current forms of snobbery, besides the cultural variety: car snobbery, sports snobbery, sex snobbery, and so on. But what makes culture snobbery a stranger phenomenon than the others is the fact that one might reasonably assume that an interest in art or literature or history would purge the person concerned of such pettiness. It is easier to understand someone claiming distinction because he patronizes a particular hairdresser than to understand somebody doing so because he appreciates the greatness of Baudelaire. Snobbery is compatible with the hairdresser's world; it is incompatible with Baudelaire's—or Fra Angelico's—or Picasso's. The explanation of course is that the snobs don't appreciate Baudelaire; they appreciate what they think is their appreciation.

On the whole, however, the culture snob is not concerned with the art of the past. (That is the field of the travel snob: "I just felt *quite* uneducated until I'd been to Rome.") The playground of the culture snob is preeminently "Modern Art." The phrase "Modern Art" implies something new, separate, and above all smartly, uniquely up-to-date. It suggests that anybody who has any doubts about it is as *demode* and dowdy as the elderly couples who still believe in chaperones.

The absurdity of this attitude is emphasized even more strongly if one remembers the obvious fact that all art has been "modern" in its own day, and the equally true but less obvious fact that any contemporary art, if it is integrated into its society, if it really communicates experiences worth communicating, will naturally, without any song or dance about it, mean more to the citizens of that society than the art of the past.

ALONGSIDE the worshipping of contemporary art just because it is contemporary, has grown up the belief that all great art is immortal. This is only a half truth. The greatest works do remain moving, interesting, great. But at the same time their meaning changes and in that change they lose some of their original urgency. A Chinese pottery horse, a Greek statue of an athlete, a Renaissance painting of St. Francis can never be appreciated by us *in the same urgent way* as they were appreciated by their original public. It would be truer to say that great works undergo a resurrection, rather than that they are immortal. The belief that they are immortal, however, is the second line of defense of the Modern Art snobs and self-deceivers. First they claim that it requires special sensibility, imagination, and breadth of mind, to appreciate Modern Art; and secondly, in order to justify their own possession of these gifts even further, they claim that in the future the art which they champion now will be seen to be great by the world at large; thus they allot to themselves the noble role of midwife to immortal children.

Now I can see the reader raising two possible objections at this point. First he may quote examples of genius that *have* been appreciated only by small minorities in their own lifetime—Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Keats. Secondly, he may say: "Why make so much fuss about it? Surely there have always been people who have pretended to appreciate works of art more than they really did. Isn't the lunatic fringe a constant of human nature?"

The answer to the first objection is that the examples of neglected genius, all of which have occurred only during the last 300 years, are the *exceptions* in the history of human culture. As soon as one admits the idea of the neglected genius, one also admits that the tradition of art has broken down—either within itself, or in its relationship to society. Also, the few who did appreciate Rembrandt, Van Gogh, or Keats, did not claim any particular superiority for doing so. The answer to the second objection is that the humbug and self-deception which surrounds so much Modern Art is not in the least important, but unfortunately it has affected art itself and has led to several completely false ideas which are held by many outside the snob-circle. The most dangerous of all these ideas is that of the iron division between the "highbrow" and the "lowbrow."

I have not sufficient space to prove in detail how a great deal of highbrow and lowbrow culture derive from exactly the same attitude of life and differ only in their degree of self-consciousness. Yet as soon as one allows the possibility of this being true and as soon as one has accepted the fact that it is really as easy to be sentimental about a cactus as it is about a kitten with a pink ribbon around its neck, one finds oneself on fertile ground for new thought and observation. Obviously some of the serious art of our time does genuinely require specialized appreciation. I don't expect the average engine driver to enjoy Juan Gris—though so much the worse for Gris. Obviously, also, there are certain popular works with a mass appeal (in this country, for example, a Danny Kaye film) which are neither stereotyped nor banal. But on the whole the flagrantly highbrow and the commercially lowbrow share the same fundamental values, while the greatest figures—Chaplin, Einstein, Picasso—can be fitted into neither category and disturb those with vested interests in both.

The main characteristic of low-

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brow art in comics, magazine stories, television programs, films, and so on, is that it flatters its public by offering them a context for fantasies or day-dreams in which they can be tougher, luckier, richer, more adventurous, or more highly sexed than they actually are. The organization of commercial culture has been called justly The Dream Factory. The viciousness of it lies in the fact that the desires and aspirations which it sows and nurtures have little or nothing to do with world tasks which so desperately need to be undertaken. Far from encouraging psychological adjustment, the prevention of war, racial tolerance, the use of science for peace, the establishment of the true equality of man, commercial culture either directly discredits such aims or distracts attention away from them by encouraging every form of petty shortsightedness.

Yet highbrow art—or a great deal of it—does exactly the same thing. It also flatters its public—and its practitioners—by offering them a context for fantasies. Only the ingredients of the fantasies are different: the fruits of false introspection rather than of false action; cosmic megalomania rather than crude aggression; the pointless satisfaction of pure "self-expression" rather than that of adolescent sex; the comfort of having rare "sensibility" instead of that of gang prestige.

MY OWN subject is the visual arts, but examples of what I am describing abound in literature and philosophy as well, disguised only by the most extravagant bluff. Recently there was an exhibition in London at our leading "avante-garde" gallery of the works of a highly fashionable French artist called Jean Dubuffet. I quote from the catalogue:

> He first made use of tar, pitch and white lead which he stuck in thick layers on the props of fiber plaster. His pictures began to weigh about twenty kilos—one of their more secondary characteristics. On these surfaces he drew rudimentary faces. . . . Some of these asphalt pictures, in which a handful of gravel was thrown on to the tar, looked, as his detractors claimed, like a footpath, but the Milky Way itself also looks like a footpath. Material, as cosmic as it was urban, casts its spell. Jean Dubuffet began to evoke the mystery, strangeness, wit, metamorphoses, effervescence and retraction of the substances of which the world is composed. [Later] he went on . . . to more barren ground where only those with the liveliest imagination could follow. . . . As one looked at them [his new works], one could let one's thoughts wander freely through their involutions and almost have the feeling one was on the point of discovering in them the secret of the movements of the universe. [In his sculpture, mostly made out of sponges, he included] objects [letters, inkpots, watches, etc.,] which might be used for invoking the experience of a new kind of witchcraft. . .

Samuel Adler, in 1953 (and perhaps still) an instructor in fine arts in the Division of General Education, Washington Square College, has written: "My picture *Invocation* is but one moment out of my pattern—or perhaps the 'all' of it, carried to its own moment of realization. I cannot say what it means, nor in the final analysis should I wish to. I can only hope that it is . . . all things that have been the world, the world from the beginning to the end of time."

Another American teacher and sculptor, Johnfriend Bergschneider, writes: "For some time I have been fascinated by the nest of the hornet, not because it is a nest as such, but truly because of its form, which is found elsewhere in nature, as in the case of the womb or the pear."

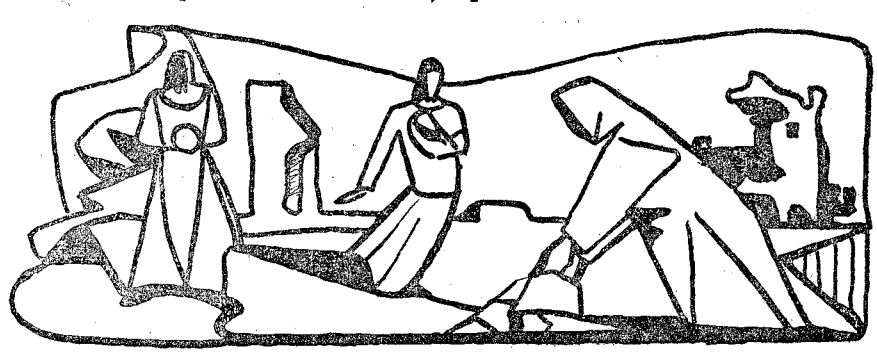
In the official twenty-fifth anniversary book of the Museum of Modern Art, a painting by the well-known Pollock is reproduced in color, with the following comment:

> His painting confronts us with a visual concept organically evolved from a belief in the unity that underlies the phenomena among which we live. . . . An ocean's tides and a personal nightmare, the bursting of a bubble and the communal clamor for a victim are as inextricably meshed in the corruscation and darkness of his work as they are in actuality. . . . The picture surface, with no depth of recognizable space or sequence of known time, gives us the never-ending present. We are presented with the visualization of that remorseless consolation—in the end is the beginning.

There are hundreds of similar passages which could be quoted. I am not suggesting that all the paintings in the Museum of Modern Art are worthless. I am prepared to agree that serious artists often have to suffer nonsense being written about their work—and that sometimes they write it themselves. It is even beside the point that in the examples I have just given the works discussed *are* as footling as the quotations suggest. The mere fact that thousands of such sentences are written, handsomely published, and taken absolutely seriously by men of responsible reputation, that their pretentiousness, irrationalism, obscurantism, and sheer hoodwinking are never even questioned within the highbrow elite—this by itself is enough to show the values on which rest this elite's claim to be cultural leaders. I do not believe that such a far-reaching *traison des clercs* has ever occurred in the history of culture before.

YET the arbitrary division between highbrow and lowbrow is false, not only because their present taste and values ultimately derive from exactly the same type of irresponsibility, from the same inability to look the world in the face, but also because it is based on a misreading of history.

It is true that even when a tradition of art has been integrated with its society there have been—and there probably always will be—different standards of appreciation. A minority, made up of artists themselves and those who have an unusually developed visual sensibility, will tend to look at works from the point of view of the artist. That is to say, a large element of their appreciation will come from their



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imaginative identification with the artist, from their awareness of how he has solved esthetic and technical problems which he has faced. The majority, on the other hand, will identify themselves not with the artist, but with the content of the work. They will applaud not the process of creation but the result. This difference, however, is not the same as that between highbrow and lowbrow. Both these attitudes of appreciation are necessary to one another. If the first "specialist" appreciation exists without the second, art becomes increasingly concerned with its own technical and subjective problems and so eventually sterile. If the second "popular" form of appreciation exists without the first, art becomes only concerned with what is said—at the expense of how it is said—and so ends up by being banal.

This is precisely what has happened today, and will continue to happen so long as highbrow and lowbrow taste are directed toward *different* works, so long as a mass and an elite, both demanding the same negative escape, can only pride themselves on their apparent differences. Nor will all the art-appreciation lectures or university courses in the world break the vicious circle. It will only be broken by a society which is consciously united by a positive, realistic, satisfying sense of purpose.

PRUDE AND THE LEWD

Wherein The Bigger Peril? . . *by John H. Griffin*

OBSCENE, lewd, lascivious, filthy, *indecent, and disgusting*—these are the six adjectives connected with censorship. No two persons agree on their precise definition, as Ernst and Seagle point out in their book "To the Pure." The League of Nations was unable to arrive at a legal definition of obscenity, the most frequently used adjective of all.

In the new wave of censorship that is sweeping all English-speaking countries, we are seeing familiar patterns repeated. Beginning with the laudable purpose of suppressing pornography, censorship historically ends up by engulfing more and more works of legitimate value and by spreading beyond the realm of creative literature to technical and philosophical works as well.

In this process, since no one has ever defined obscenity in a satisfactory manner, the general test is based on Chief Justice Cockburn's ruling in the case of *Regina v. Hicklin* in 1868:

> The test for obscenity is this: whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences, and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall.

This sounds reasonable enough, but it only takes a moment's study to see that it actually means nothing insofar as legal precision is concerned, since it is predicated upon unascertainable, indefinite standards. For who can say whether the tendency of such and such a work is to deprave and corrupt one person, not another? And how does one determine who exactly are those "whose minds are open to such immoral influences"? And, of course, who is to know "into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall"?

This evaluation is supported by the decision of Judge Curtis Bok in *Commonweath v. Gordon*, Philadelphia, 1949:

> Strictly applied, this [Cockburn's] rule renders any book unsafe, since a moron could pervert to some sexual fantasy to which his mind is open the listings of a seed catalogue. Not even the Bible would be exempt. . . . Who can define the clear and present danger to the community that arises from reading a book? If we say that it is that the reader is young and inexperienced and incapable of resisting the sexual temptations that the book may present to him, we put the entire reading public at the mercy of the adolescent mind and of those adolescents who do not have the expected advantages of home influence, school training, or religious teaching. If the argument be applied to the general public, the situation becomes absurd, for then no publication is safe.

The Cockburn test is still used as the basis for censorship legislation and for the judging of a work as obscene. A number of states have statutes which define as obscene "any publication *containing* obscene, immoral, lewd, or lascivious material tending to incite *minors* to violent or depraved or immoral acts, manifestly tending to the corruption of the morals of youth" (Emphasis added).

This again sounds admirable, except that under this ruling virtually every major author, including Nobel and Pulitzer prize-winners, have been banned from public sale as obscene. It is even more faulty than the original Cockburn statement and appears to be a clear violation of the rights guaranteed under the First and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States in that it: (1) prohibits the distribution of any book to any member of the public because of the hypothetical effect the book might tend to have merely on minors; (2) permits books to be banned merely on the basis of *containing* questionable passages; (3) offers no express definition of what constitutes obscenity, and therefore many passages of legitimate realistic description can be proscribed merely on the basis of differing tastes.

Few people realize the far-reaching aspects of the statement: ". . . any publication containing obscene, immoral, lewd, or lascivious material." Art, in order to have any

JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN, a blinded war veteran and a Catholic, is the author of "The Devil Rides Outside," the paperback edition of which was recently confiscated by censors in Detroit.

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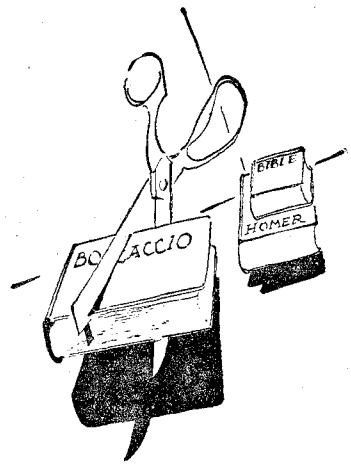
influence on man's understanding, must exist whole. Unless a work be considered as an entity, there is obviously no way of judging its validity. Isolated words and phrases torn out of context from the Bible, for example, sound exactly like those same words and phrases lifted from some pornographic book, and on the basis of merely *containing* such words and phrases the one is as subject to banning as the other. This is essentially what happens. So-called objectionable words and phrases are copied out of context, a list of them is handed to the censor, and he is obliged to decide the obscenity of the work on the basis of whether or not a fourteen-year-old child should be allowed books *containing* such words and phrases. The answer is as obvious as the process is puerile. It is like taking a photograph of the navel of Michaelangelo's David and asking someone unfamiliar with the entire figure if he would like to have his fourteen-year-old daughter see a statue containing such realistic details.

IN HIS testimony before the Gathings committee, Inspector Herbert Case, in charge of the Detroit police department's censor bureau, stated: "We in our municipality feel that the law and the statutes and everything are intended to protect the adolescent, the weak, and susceptible." This, again, is admirable, but it becomes vicious when the adult public is denied the right to any book on the basis of its possible harm to the "adolescent, the weak, and susceptible," and in passing it might be added that the Detroit blacklist reads like a Who's Who of our most respected novelists. Yet you can still walk into hotels and drugstores and buy the same old "Violent Honeymoon" and "Midnight Passion" trash because publishers have simply deleted the objectionable words and phrases. Actions such as Detroit's succeed effectively in banning everything except the innocuous and the mediocre.

Judge Learned Hand in *United States v. Kennerly* observed that this type of obscenity test would "reduce our treatment of sex to the standard of a child's library in the supposed interest of a salacious few" and "forbid all which might corrupt the most corruptible." Ac-



cordingly, authors of the caliber of Faulkner, Hemingway, Mauriac, Huxley, Greene, Dos Passos, Zola, and even Boccaccio, plus many others, are being branded as pornographers and their works dismissed as "obscene."

Although, as we shall see, all censorship can be lumped together, since all of it commits the same errors and is based on the same fallacy of juvenile behavior, it is necessary to point out that there are three general types of censorship currently practiced in the English-speaking world.

First, there is the police censor who derives his authority to ban books from such statutes as the one I have discussed. An assigned policeman goes through new books, or reprints of old ones, and rejects from public sale those which he thinks might conceivably harm the young, the weak, and susceptible. He is often "aided" in making up his blacklist by lists furnished him by religious and sectarian organizations. Then there is the censorship board, such as that in effect in Georgia, where a three-man group of private citizens does the filth-hunting. And finally there is the so-called hidden censorship, consisting of religious and civic groups, leagues for and against this and that, which use a technique of pressures on bookshop owners in somewhat this manner: A representative of the group visits the local bookstores, presents them with lists of works which the group finds objectionable, promises them a plaque of cooperation if the blacklisted books are removed from sale, and indicates that lists of co-operating and non-cooperating stores will be published. Thus, through furnishing lists to tired police censors and to bookstores, these groups apply very effective censorship, replacing the "due processes of law" by extra-legal pressures to attain their ends. This practice is followed by many religious organizations of laymen, such as, for example, the National Organization for Decent Literature.

No one would deny the right of any sectarian group to discourage its members from reading books which are offensive to it, but such a prerogative becomes vicious when it is used to deprive others, who are not members of that particular group, from access to work to which they have a perfect right, according to the legal standards of the United States. Speaking of this, Victor Weybright, in his testimony before the Gathings committee, said:

> The fact that these groups act from the best of motives does not alter the fact that their attempt to pose such extra-legal standards is a clear infringement of the right of the reading public to select for itself what it will read. When the action of local or sectarian groups takes the form of pressure applied to distributors and dealers, whether or not with the assistance of local law-enforcement agencies, it becomes a secondary boycott which may be actionable as an illegal restraint of trade.

Censorship, by depriving the community of the right of access to serious works because it cannot distinguish pornography from realism, thereby commits mankind to a cultural and ethical harikari. The list of abuses is far too long to be presented here, but it must be apparent that wherever these censorship drives have started they have invariably spread to works that could not conceivably be considered obscene. In one English community recently, "The Decameron" was banned along with trash such as "Foolish Virgin Says No." In another English community, a novel highly respected in America and Europe was banned because, according to the censor, "there is an insidious, sneaking Roman Catholic propaganda in it which I detest." The censor added that he would keep it "even from septuagenarians," which somewhat removes us from the criterion, false though it

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may be, of "the young, the weak, and susceptible."

The difference between pornography and the legitimate and necessary treatment of evil in literature is one which appears to escape these censoring agents. Every great artist, whether he is conscious of it or not, in some way illuminates the mystery of evil. But the pornographer wallows in evil, illuminating nothing. Unable to distinguish art from pornography, the average censoring body simply denies that the distinction exists. Reverend Dr. James Wesberry, chairman of Georgia's three-man censorship board, has said: "I don't discriminate between nude women, whether or not they are art. It's all lustful to me."

THERE is, then, particularly among the clergy and religious groups of all sorts, a growing clamor based on good intentions and a total disrespect for accepted artistic standards, which denounces anything not totally innocuous as "contemporary" or "new," with the implication that it depraves our children—or they presume it does, for it is odd that none of these youths has ever been presented in evidence as having been corrupted by banned works of literary stature. No, what is "new," of course, is the idea that we can no longer exercise parental control over our children. We do not ban essentially adult products in the pharmaceutical lines, we do not ban alcohol and cigarettes on the basis of our not desiring our fourteen-year-olds to use them. It is therefore intriguing that in what concerns literature and art, parental control mysteriously vanishes and we must deprive everyone of these works, which range from the Latin classics through Shakespeare and Shaw and the real contemporaries, some of which are admittedly adult fare, sometimes even the fare of scholars, theologians, and scientists—as the recently banned "Phallic Worship," a noted work in its field—on the formula of their possible harm to our children.

And what about this juvenile corruption of which we hear so much? Where does the problem really lie? It lies squarely in the home, the school, and the church. By the time the corruptible youth reaches an age to understand what he is reading and to be sensitive enough to it to be corrupted, his background training and moral development will have already been fairly well established; and if this has been properly done, art, no matter how realistic, will serve for him the same function it has for all men in the past: the dissemination of truth and the creation of perspective and compassion. Blaming truthful art for juvenile corruption is like blaming one's mother for original sin—the harm will have been done before either enters the picture. Does not this banning, making literature the scapegoat, indicate only one thing: defeat within the home? Another very new thing, of course, is that you build resistance to temptation by hiding it under a barrel. The legitimacy of these new ideas is richly indicated by the juvenile crime rates, which are high in banning countries and low in those where great art, and frank art, is a part of daily life under the guidance and control of parents. This is indisputable. Too many bishops and saints were reared on works now subject to banning. Cardinal Newman said:

> We cannot have a sinless literature about sinful men, and nothing is barred per se.

Huntington Cairns, one of the most astute critics of censorship in this country, observes:

> In general such men [police censors] have had little or no contact with science and art, have had no knowledge of the liberty of expression tacitly granted to men of letters since the beginnings of Englist literature, and have been, from the point of view of expert opinion, altogether incompetent to handle the subject.

How much less qualified as experts are those chosen at random from church and community groups on the basis of some fervor to "clean things up." This cleaning is producing an error of national proportions of which the average layman is more or less unaware.

Leon Bloy ascribes the error to two causes: "... the astounding unintelligence of modern Christians and their deep aversion to the beautiful." More detailed causes might be these:

That a problem of the most profound significance is attacked in its most superficial aspects;

That the censors appear innocent of any awareness of the supreme importance of art in the maintenance of a culture, particularly when that art offends some cherished prejudice, and are therefore willing and glad to sacrifice highly regarded works "to the good cause."

It has always been so, and there is little hope that the cycle will not again complete itself without going to an extreme that will make the demands for freedom of press and pen the subject of bitterly fought battles; for the public is always late in realizing that between the two evils, the prude does it ultimately greater harm than the lewd person. The prude and the bigot are what they are precisely because they lack qualities of prudence and understanding. Moral virtue, behind which they hide, is impossible without these intellectual virtues of prudence and understanding which direct man to the *proper means* of achieving his goals. Power, then, in the hands of people who are currently embracing censorship with neither prudence nor understanding, must inevitably result in abuse. Seemingly admirable motives obscure the true damage caused by such people until it reaches commanding dimensions—dimensions which it is now reaching in our English-speaking countries.

TO THE author, viewing this situation, it is indeed a source of some confusion that tempts him to throw up his hands and say: "What's the use? What's the use when such innocents are waiting to pounce on the lowest elements within a work without viewing those elements in the light of their function or treatment?" Pascal long ago described this tendency:

> No, no, if they are great it is because their heads are higher—a thing which we cannot see if we look only at their feet which are on the same ground as ours.

But to some, this situation in itself is a challenge, a challenge to discover how in this most advanced of all technological ages, when the degree of literacy is higher than ever before, how in this enlightened age a whole mass of people can have reached such a pitch of fervor over such a patently self-destructive ideal. Here, for the author who would illuminate the mystery of evil, is an evil of magnitude.

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FALL BOOK SECTION

The Neglected Henry Miller

By Kenneth Rexroth

HENRY MILLER is a really popular writer, a writer of, for, and by real people. In other countries he is read, not just by highbrows, or by the wider public that reads novels, but by the people who, in the United States, read comic books. In the United States he has been kept away from a popular public and his great novels have been banned. Only highbrows who could import them from France have read him.

I once crossed the Atlantic with a cabin mate, a French-African Negro, only partially literate, who was able to talk for hours on the comparative merits of "Black Spring" and the "Tropic of Cancer" and the "Tropic of Capricorn." When he found out I came from California and knew Miller, he started treating me as if I were an archangel newly descended, and never tired of questions about Le Beeg Sur and Les Camarades du M'sieu Millaire. Miners in the Pyrenees, gondoliers in Venice, and certainly every *poule* in Paris, when they hear you're from California, ask, first thing, "Do you know M'sieu Millaire?" This doesn't mean he isn't read by the intellectuals. In fact I should say he has become part of the standard repertory of reading matter everywhere but in England and in the United States. If you have read Balzac, or Baudelaire, or Goethe, you are also expected to have read Miller. He is certainly one of the most widely read American writers, along with Upton Sinclair, Jack London, Fennimore Cooper and Caldwell.

This is the way it should be. Nothing was sadder than the "proletarian novelist" of a few years back. Nobody read him but other Greenwich Village esthetes like himself. The people Henry Miller writes about read him. They read him because he gives them something they cannot find elsewhere in print. It may not be precisely the real world, but it is nearer to it than most other writing, and it is certainly nearer than most so-called realistic writing.

ONCE the written word was a privilege of priests and priestly scribes. Although thousands of years have passed, vestiges of that special privilege and caste artificiality still cling to it. Can you remember when you first started to read? Doubtless you thought that someday you would find in books the truth, the answer to the very puzzling life you were discovering around you. But you never did. The written word is a sieve. Only so much of reality gets through as fits the size and shape of the screen, and in some ways that is never enough. Partly this is due to the structure of language. With us this takes the form of Indo-European grammar crystallized in what we call Aristotelian logic. Most of the real difficulty of communication comes from social convention, from a vast conspiracy to agree to accept the world as something it isn't at all. Even the realist novels of a writer like Zola are not much closer to the real thing than the documents written in Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Literature is a social defense mechanism. Remember again when you were a child. You thought that some day you would grow up and find a world of real adults, the people who really made things run, and understood how and why things ran. Then, as the years went on, you learned, through more or less bitter experience, that there aren't and never have been any such people, anywhere. Life is just a mess, and nobody knows what makes it go. Or anyway nobody tells.

Henry Miller tells. Anderson told *about* the little boy and the Emperor's new clothes. Miller *is* the little boy. He tells about the Emperor, about the pimples on his behind, and the warts on his private parts, and the dirt between his toes. Great writers in the past have done this, and they are the real classics. But they have done it within the conventions of literature. They have used the forms of the Great Lie to expose the truth. Some of this literature is called comic, but in the last analysis it is all tragic, even Rabelais, because finally life itself is tragic. With very few exceptions, however, it is conventional. It disguises itself in the garments of harmless artistic literature. It sneaks in and betrays the complacent and deluded. A great work of art is a kind of Trojan Horse. There are those who believe that this is all there is to the art of poetry—sugar-coating the pills of prussic acid with which the poet doses the enemy.

It is hard to tell sometimes when Miller is being ironic and when he is being naive. He is the master of a deadpan style, just as he has a public personality that alternates between quiet gentleness, "like a dentist," he describes it, and a sort of deadpan buffoonery. This has led some critics to consider him a "modern primitive" like Rousseau.

Miller is a very unliterary writer. He writes as if he had just invented the alphabet. When he writes about a book, he writes as if he were the first and only man who had ever read it—and furthermore as if it wasn't a book but a piece of living meat whacked off Balzac or Rimbaud or whoever.

Miller has preserved an innocence of the practice of Literature almost unique. Likewise he has preserved an innocence of heart. But he is not unsophisticated. In the first place, he writes a muscular, active prose which is always under control. True, he often rambles and gets windy, but only because he likes to ramble and hear his head roar. When he wants to tell you something straight from the shoulder, he makes you reel.

Now the writer most like Miller in some ways, is the eighteenth-century *naif*, Restif de la Bretonne. If you want the common man of the eighteenth century, with his heart laid bare, you will find him in Restif. But you will also find thousands of pages of sheer boredom, and hundreds of pages of quite looney and obviously invented por-

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KENNETH REXROTH, poet and critic, conducts a book-review program over radio station KPFA, San Francisco. This article will appear as an introduction to "Nights of Love and Laughter," a collection of Henry Miller's short stories to be published next month as a Signet paper book by the New American Library.

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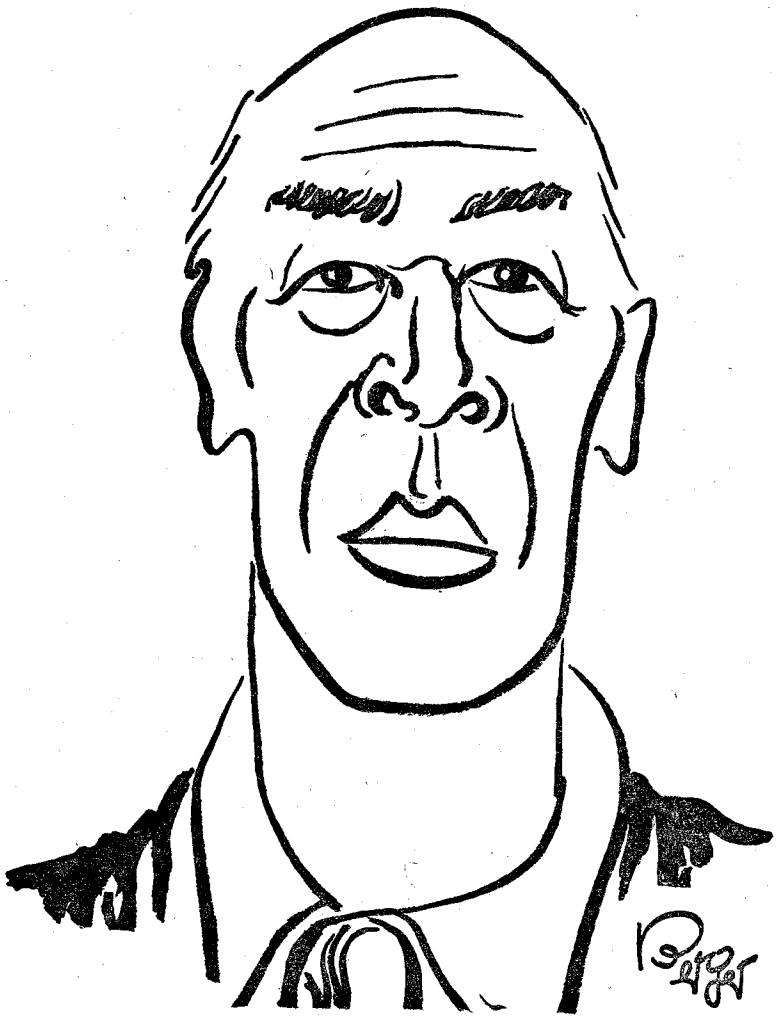

Henry Miller

nography. Miller too is liable at times to go off the deep end about the lost continent of Mu or astrology or the "occult," but it is for a different reason. If the whole shebang is a lie anyway, certainly the amusing lies, the lies of the charlatans who have never been able to get the guillotine in their hands, are better than the official lie, the deadly one.

In all literature there aren't many people like Miller. The only ones I can think of are Petronius, Casanova, and Restif. Their books give an overwhelming feeling of being true, completely uncooked. They are all intensely masculine writers. They all are great comic writers. They all convey, powerfully, a sense of the utter tragedy of life. I can think of no more chilling passages in literature than the tolling of the bell from the very beginning of Casanova's "Memoirs," the comments and asides of the aged man, writing of his splendid youth, an old, sick, friendless pauper, in a draughty castle in the backwoods of Bohemia. And last, and most important, they were all what the English call spivs. Courtier of Nero or Parisian typesetter, they were absolutely uninvolved. They just didn't give a damn whether school kept or not.

Miller has often been compared with Celine, but I don't think the comparison is apposite. Celine is a man with a thesis. Furthermore, he is a literateur. In "Journey to the End of the Night" he set out to write the epic of a Robinson Crusoe of the modern soul, the utterly alienated man. He did it, very successfully. Celine and his friends stumble through the fog, over the muddy ruts with the body of Robinson in a denouement as monumental as the "Nibelungenlied." But it is all a work of art. I have been in the neighborhoods Celine described. They simply aren't that awful. I am sure on internal evidence of the story itself, that his family wasn't that bad. Celine makes a sociological judgment on Robinson. Miller *is* Robinson, and on the whole, he finds it a bearable role, even enjoyable in its way.

Henry Miller is often spoken of as a religious writer. To some this just seems silly, because Miller is not especially profound. People expect religion to come to them served in miracle, mystery, and authority, as Dostoevsky said. Blake dressed his message up in sonorous and mysterious language, but the message itself is simple enough. D. H. Lawrence likewise. You could write it all on a postage stamp. "*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.* Your official reality is a lie. We must love one another or die." I suppose any writer who transcends conventional literature is religious in so far as he does transcend it. That is why you can never actually base an educational system on the Hundred Best Books. A hundred of the truest insights into life as it is would destroy any educational system, and society along with it.

Certainly Miller is almost completely untouched by what is called religion in England and America and Northern Europe. He is completely pagan. This is why his book on Greece, "The Colossus of Maroussi," is a book of self-discovery as well as a very true interpretation of Greece. It is thoroughly classic. Although he never mentions Homer and dismisses the Parthenon, he did discover the life of Greece, the common, real life of the peasants and fishermen, going on, just as it has gone on, ever since the Doric invasions.

His absolute freedom from the Christian or Jewish anguish of conscience, the sense of guilt, implication, and compromise, makes Miller humane, but it effectively keeps him from being humanitarian. He might cry over a pet dog who had been run over, or even punch the guilty driver in the nose. He might have assassinated Hitler if he had the chance. He would never join the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or the Friends' Service Committee. He is not involved in the guilt, and so in no way is he involved in the penitence. This comes out in everything he writes, and it offends lots of people. Others may go to bull fights and write novels preaching the brotherhood of man. Miller doesn't go to the bull fights in the first place. So, although

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he often raves, he never preaches. People have been taught to expect preaching, and of course they are offended if they don't find it.

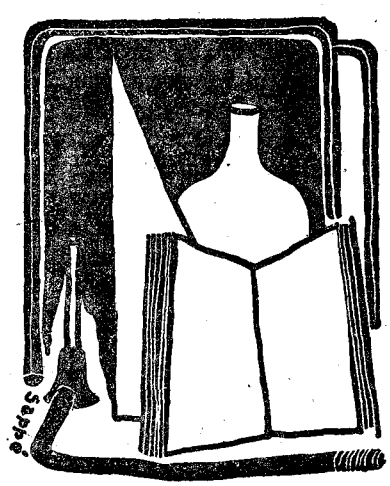
FIFTY per cent of the people in this country don't vote. They simply don't want to be implicated in organized society. With, in most cases, a kind of animal instinct, they know that they cannot do anything about it, that the participation offered them is really a hoax. It is for these people, the submerged 50 per cent, that Miller speaks. As the newspapers never tire of pointing out, this is a very American attitude. Miller says, "I am a patriot—of the Fourteenth Ward of Brooklyn, where I was raised." Life has never lost that simplicity and immediacy. Politics is the deal in the saloon back room. Law is the cop on the beat, shaking down whores and helping himself to apples. Religion is Father Maguire and Rabbi Goldstein, and their actual congregations. Civilization is the telegraph company.

So there isn't any social message in Miller, except an absolute one. When you get through reading James Farrell or Nelson Algren, you have a nasty suspicion that the message of the author is, "More playgrounds and properly guided social activities will reduce crime and vice." There is nothing especially frightful about Miller's Brooklyn; like Farrell's South Side, it is just life in the lower middle-class and upper working-class section of a big American city. It certainly isn't what queasy reviewers call "the slums." It's just the life the reviewers themselves led before they became reviewers. What outrages them is that Miller accepts it, just like the people who still live there. Accepting it—how he can write about it! He can bring back the whole prewar America, the bunny hug, tunes from "The Pink Lady," Battling Nelson, Dempsey the Nonpareil, Pop Anson and Pearl White, a little boy rushing the growler with a bucket of suds and a sack of six-inch pretzels in the smoky twilight of a Brooklyn Sunday evening.

I think that is what Miller found in Paris. Not the City of Art, Letters, and Fashion—but prewar-Brooklyn. It is certainly what I like best about Paris and it is what I get out of Miller's writing about Paris. He doesn't write about the Latin Quarter, but about the dim-lit streets and dusty squares which lie between the Latin Quarter and the Jardin des Plantes, where men sit drinking beer in their shirt sleeves in front of dirty little bars in the smoky Sunday twilight. But he writes very convincingly about that most Brooklyn-like of all the quarters of Paris, the district near the Military Academy, across the river from the Eiffel Tower, where the subway becomes an elevated, tall tenements mingle with small bankrupt factories, and people sit on the doorsteps fanning themselves in the Brooklyn-like summer heat, and sleep and couple on the summer roofs.

In the same way his intellectuals in Paris are assimilated to Brooklyn. They may talk about Nietzche and Dostoevsky, but they talk like hall-room boys, rooming together, working at odd jobs, picking up girls in dance halls and parks. "Batching" is the word. Over the most impassioned arguments and the bawdiest conversations lingers an odor of unwashed socks. The light is the light of Welsbach mantels on detachable cuffs and unmade beds. Of course that is the way they really talked and still do, for that matter.

There is a rank old-fashioned masculinity about this world which shocks the tender-minded and deluded. It is far removed from the Momism of the contemporary young American male. This is why Miller is accused of writing about all women as though they were whores, never treating them as real persons, as equals. This is why he is said to lack any sense of familial love. On the whole, I think this is true. Most of the sexual encounters in the Tropics and the Rosy Crucifixion are comic accidents, as impersonal as a pratfall. The woman never emerges at all. He characteristically writes of his wives as bad boys talk of their school teachers. When he takes his sexual relations seriously, the woman becomes an erotic giantess, a perambulating orgy.



ALTHOUGH Miller writes a lot about his kinship with D. H. Lawrence, he has very little of Lawrence's abiding sense of the erotic couple, of man and woman as the two equal parts of a polarity which takes up all of life. This again is Brooklyn, pre-suffragette Brooklyn. And I must admit that it is true, at least for almost everybody. A real wedding of equals, a truly sacramental marriage in which every bit of both personalities, and all the world with them, is transmuted and glorified, may exist. In fact, some people may have a sort of talent for it, but it certainly isn't very common. I don't see why Miller should be blamed if he has never found it. Hardly anybody ever does, and those who do usually lose it in some sordid fashion. This, of course, is the point, the message if you want a message, of all his encounters in parks and telephone booths and brothels. Better this than the lie. Better the Flesh than the World and the Devil. And this is why these passages are not pornography, but comic like "King Lear" and tragic like "Don Quixote."

At least once, Miller makes up for this lack. The tale of the Cosmodemonic Telegraph Company is a perfect portrait of our insane and evil society. It says the same thing others have said, writing on primitive accumulation or on the condition of the working class, and it says it far more convincingly. This is human self-alienation at its uttermost, and not just theoretically, or even realistically. It is an orgy of human self-alienation, a cesspool of it, and Miller rubs your nose in it. Unless you are a prig and a rascal, when you get through, you know once and for all what is the matter.

Once Miller used to have pinned on his bedroom door a scrap of paper, written on it *"S'agapo"*—"I love you" in Greek. In "The Alcoholic Veteran" he says: "The human heart cannot be broken."

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The New Nonconformism

By Lawrence Lipton

THE EXPATRIATION, with which the name of Henry James is associated in its earlier phases and Ernest Hemingway and the Lost Generation writers in its post-World War I phases, was followed by the secession, of which such names as H. L. Mencken, Malcolm Cowley, Sinclair Lewis, John Dos Passos, and F. Scott Fitzgerald are characteristic. After "The Crack-Up"—the big one, of which Fitzgerald's was only a personal example—we witnessed an alienation of the Marxist variety. Blue-nose literary censorship and American parochialism triggered the expatriation. The business boom, Babbittry, and Coolidge-Harding "normalcy" triggered the secession. The great depression and the rise of Nazism triggered the alienation. World War II brought most writers, and most intellectuals for that matter, more into line with national policy and contemporary values than they had been in half a century, but once it was over a new alienation became evident. This new alienation carries the signature of Norman Mailer, just as the first postwar alienation carried the signature of Ernest Hemingway.

That was only yesterday, and already a new generation of writers is rising to challenge it. Novels like J. D. Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye" and George Mandel's "Flee the Angry Strangers," for example, are as different from "The Naked and the Dead" and "The Young Lions" as Norman Mailer's and Irwin Shaw's novels are from Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms" and "The Sun Also Rises." Indeed, a new word is needed to characterize this new brand of nonconformity. I suggest the word disaffiliation, from *affiliatus,* adopted as a son; in law: to fix the paternity of, as a bastard child—"The mother affiliated her child on John Doe." When John Doe, Jr., rejects the parenthood, the ancestral legacy of social and cultural values, he may be said to disaffiliate himself. That maverick of the labor movement, John L. Lewis, made notable use of the word when he broke with the A. F. of L., in a famous two-word telegram: "I disaffiliate."

MANDEL and Salinger need no such literary devices as Mailer's chorus and time machine to relate their characters to a rejected or an outlived past, any more than Nelson Algren needed Dos Passos's biographies and "Camera Eye." Where the alienated writers turned angry faces toward the *status quo,* in protest, disaffiliated writers like Mandel, Salinger, Chester Himes, Ralph Ellison, George Lamming, Horace McCoy, and William Manchester turn their backs on the *status quo, in utter rejection.* Their heroes, like those of Norman Mailer, are members of a lost patrol in a senseless "action" in a world (and a war) they never made, but unlike all alienated heroes of the past they do not look back to a better past nor forward to a better future. Hung between two worlds, like the "reluctant P. O. W.'s" in the no-man's land at Panmunjom, Buridan's Ass between two equally undesirable bundles of hay. "If he'd had to shoot anybody, he wouldn't have known which direction to shoot in," says young Caulfield in "Catcher in the Rye." "He said the army was practically as full of bastards as the Nazis were." To Hemingway's heroes war was a big show which they experienced with the detachment of fascinated spectators—till it got too close to them. Mailer's "Red" Valsen finally protests the insane ascent of Mount Anaka, but when the power-maddened Sergeant Croft threatens to shoot him for insubordination he backs down into his habitual funk of believing in nothing and expecting the worst. Salinger's Caulfield is the complete disaffiliate: "I swear if there's another war, they better stick me in front of a firing squad. I wouldn't object." B. Traven, a veteran of disaffiliation, struck this note as long ago as 1934 when, in "The Death Ship," he declared, "The state is a Beast . . . the state takes sons from their mothers and flings them to idols."

To see the disaffiliation novels in their proper setting it is necessary to take into account the background against which they are making their appearance: a world that is virtually in a state of martial law, in which deviation from the party line, on both sides of the iron curtain, is treason; a party line, moreover, which lays down the law not only in politics but in the arts as well, so that one may be purged (by a firing squad or by "investigation") for a movie script, a radio show, a novel, a piece of music, a sermon, a poem, or even a private conversation reported by an unnamed informer. A world, in short, in which the *status quo,* or in some cases the *status quo ante,* is king, and it is a crime to imagine the king's death, or even his distempers. In such a world the nonconformist is faced with a choice between armed underground resistance or retreat into a closed circle of like-minded people to whom the rest of the collectivity are angry strangers or outsiders. "Those culture perverts from uptown. *Any*one from uptown. And downtown. Everywhere I go. I tell you our society is at the bottom of its spiral." (Mandel) "The people who applauded the show-offy, tricky stuff of the night-club entertainers were the same morons that laugh like hyenas in the movies at stuff that isn't funny." (Salinger)

"The whole commercial scene is animal against animal . . . everybody's mouth going with words like priests and kings and congressmen with words and no understanding. . . . You can keep reality. Work is for slaves; I'm free." (Mandel)

"The so-called spiritual leaders who are all spirit and no brains, all sky and no earth . . . the jerks with the electric word of officialdom who do nothing but separate people." (Mandel) "If you want to know the truth, I can't even stand ministers . . . they all have Holy Joe voices. . . I don't see why they don't talk in their natural voices. They sound phony when they talk." (Salinger)

"A whole nation of people suspending consciousness in whatever way they could: in churches and movie houses, before television sets, in barrooms and in books. . . . The whole world [seeking] hard for its narcosis. . . . Dope fiends and phi-

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LAWRENCE LIPTON is the author of "Brother, The Laugh Is Bitter" and "In Secret Battle." He has just published a book of verse, "Rainbow at Midnight."

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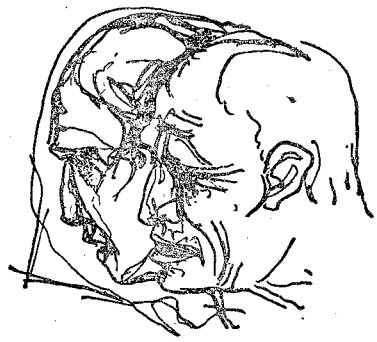
losophers, prostitutes and poets, artists and hoods, darlings, dreamers, derelicts, and every American variety of displaced persons. . . . Whether praying step by step up tottering towers toward some illusion of heaven, or playing notch by notch down any available avenue of escape, from a stupid movie to a charge of heroin—the whole world is hooked." (Mandel).

The hero of these novels often starts out like Voltaire's Candide, "a youth endowed by nature with the most gentle character . . . his judgment quite honest . . . extremely simple-minded." Sometimes he begins by stoutly defending the mother culture, as in the first chapters of Ellison's "Invisible Man," then he is put through a process of diseducation and reeducation till he finally achieves disaffiliation. Usually, too, we are given a worm's-eye view of the social structure, from the bottom looking up. It is not that poverty is accepted without protest, but that poverty is preferred to a prosperity that can be bought only at the price of dog-eat-dog success and a blood-money economy geared to production for war, which today means mass extermination on a world scale. It is a literature that documents the growing suicide rate, increasing drug addiction, juvenile gangs, hot-rod speed mania, and anything for kicks. It also reflects the intellectual, social, and spiritual *contretemps*. Evidently it is getting harder every day to sell the young on the notion that a fragmentized society in imminent danger of becoming literally atomized is worth either their love or their loyalty. The novel of disaffiliation pictures a world in which a growing number of the youth seem to prefer almost any alternative: an embattled little underground community like that of jive and jazz with its private language, the closed circle of the heroin addicts, even the precariously free community of crime.

THE note of violence is particularly marked in the Negro novelists. In "Native Son," Bigger was punished not so much for murder as for the crime of daring to play a role which society had encouraged him to aspire to. To the very end Bigger wanted to belong. Today we find Chester Himes's hero expressing the same dilemma but with a different emphasis: "That was the hell of it: the white folks had drummed more into me than they'd been able to scare out. Anyone who wanted to could be nigger-rich, nigger-important, have their Jim Crow religion, and go to nigger heaven." ("If He Hollers Let Him Go") George Lamming carries withdrawal to the point of pitting black race-pride against white race-pride: "He was a Negro and he was proud . . . to



be a different creature." ("In the Castle of My Skin") Ralph Ellison's hero in "Invisible Man" first accepts and then rejects both Uncle Tomism and the Brotherhood, and in the last analysis finds his refuge in the very invisibility that the white man has imposed on him.

Yet the yearning to belong, not as a different but as the *same* kind of creature continues to obsess the hero of Negro fiction:

"I didn't want to be the biggest Negro who ever lived, neither Toussaint L'Ouverture nor Walter White. Because deep inside me where the white folks couldn't see, it didn't mean a thing. Not a thing. If you couldn't swing down Hollywood Boulevard and know you belonged; if you couldn't make a polite pass at Lana Turner at Ciro's without having the gendarmes beat the black out of you for getting out of your place; if you couldn't eat a thirty-dollar dinner at a hotel without choking on the insults, being a great big 'Mister' nigger didn't mean a thing." (Chester Himes).

Disaffiliation comes harder to the Negro than to the white man, if only because he has less choice about it; but diseducation and reeducation come easier to him. The white meat packer can document the social inequalities of the dinner table as accurately as the Negro garbage collector, but the garbage collector has fewer vested interests to distort his appraisal of the evidence. The lure of the thirty-dollar dinner and the allure of Lana Turner are just as strong in Horace McCoy's heroes, for example, as they are in Chester Himes's; McCoy's criminal in "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye" and his doctor in "Scalpel" are on the make for conventional success, but they harbor no illusions about the price of conformity, and no one has laid bare the lesions of contemporary American society with more surgical detachment. Salinger's young rebel has no desire to belong, there is no price tag on his loyalty. The young narcotic addicts in "Flee the Angry Strangers" are fleeing in particular from those who want to cure, coddle or rehabilitate them. It is the strangers who are "beastly . . . mad . . . hooked." Frankie Machine's failure, and later his crime, in "The Man with the Golden Arm," is that "he had failed the billboards all down the line." Nelson Algren has since declared that "scarcely any way now remains of reporting the American century except from behind the tote-board, from behind the TV commercials and the Hearst headlines, the car-ads and the subtitles, the editorials and the conventions. For it is only there that the people of Dickens and Dostoevsky may be found once more."

The expatriation was concerned with the artist against society, the secession with the intellectual against Babbitt and "the booboisie," the Marxist alienation with worker against boss. When the rich began to buy expatriate art and enshrine expatriate books in the college curricula, the expatriation came to an end. When Babbitt capitulated to Mrs. Babbitt and her book clubs, and "the old lady from Dubuque" started reading the *New Yorker*, the Menckenian revolt was over. The literary Marxist alienation of the thirties was first absorbed and domesticated by the New Deal and then liquidated by Kremlin foreign policy and doctrinal defections. It is difficult to see how English Lit. and the quality magazines are going to make *Kitsch* out of the new disaffiliation.

Whether disaffiliated writers will be able to retain the long lean view, remains to be seen. B. Traven whose book royalties were never very large has nevertheless been able to support an independent poverty in rural Mexico where he makes his

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home. Born in Chicago—his real name is Berick Traven Torsvan—he has for some years been running a restaurant near Acapulco. Even the $10,000 in royalties which he got for the motion-picture rights to the "Treasure of the Sierra Madre," (a very low figure for such a profitable, prize-winning film) did not tempt him out of his simple life or his anonymity. Most of the younger disaffiliates have not felt the need, as yet, for expatriation or anonymity. Some of them have already seen five-figure royalty checks, mostly from the sale of paperback editions. If they can profit by the example of B. Traven and learn the truth of the maxim, known to hunters and mountain climbers, that he goes far who travels light, they may yet discover the positive virtues of disaffiliation and the *poverty on principle* that goes with it and helps to keep it uncorrupted.

Not the picturesque poverty of the bohemian twenties. Not the "Tell the Truth and Run" poverty that George Seldes implies in the title of his recent autobiography. Nor the conspiratorial underground poverty of those European radicals who are telling one another: "Stay poor, keep out of their way, lay low—and wait." But rather the dedicated poverty of those whose way of living and way of looking at life bears no relationship to the size of their royalty checks. The dedicated poverty of the disaffiliated in search of new loyalties that *Kitsch* cannot subvert and no amount of money can buy, because it is not for sale. Only from such a point of view will the disaffiliated writer continue to see his world from behind the billboards and know that his duty is, as Nelson Algren has expressed it, "forever with the accused. Guilty or not guilty, with the accused."

The Noble Anachronism

THE CALL TO HONOUR. The War Memoirs of General De Gaulle. Translated by Jonathan Griffin. Volume 1. The Viking Press. $5.

By Alexander Werth

I MUST apologize for plagiarizing myself: "De Gaulle, the noble anachronism" is the chapter-heading in a history of France since 1940, now in the press. Heaven only knows how historians of 2000 A. D. will look upon our present period; yet it will not be surprising if some of them treat De Gaulle as the most astonishing public figure of mid-twentieth-century France. Certainly the most single-minded and most monolithic figure of his time, of whom at Yalta Stalin perhaps said a truer word than he realized: "De Gaulle—he is not complicated."

De Gaulle, as he tells us in the first page of the first volume of his "Memoirs," was brought up in the cult of France—*Notre Dame la France,* he calls her on another occasion. To him French grandeur was an all-absorbing passion and the sole criterion which guided his actions as a soldier, as a military expert, as the self-appointed leader of the Free French, as the man who put himself at the head of the French Resistance (despite a good deal of reluctance on the part of many Resistance leaders in France), as the man who in 1944-45 was determined not to allow France to become either a Russian or an American satellite, and who, bitter over Britain's ousting of the French from Syria in 1945, was determined, in the name of French greatness, to restore Indo-China to France.

It was De Gaulle's obsession, both during and after the war, that France should become again a great power. As Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie was to write later, in his admirable *"Sept fois sept jours,"* concerning his first meeting with De Gaulle in London:

> The symbol came into the room. He was even taller than I had thought. His gestures were slow and heavy like his nose. His small head, his waxy face were carried by a body of an uncertain architecture. His most usual gesture was to raise his forearms, while keeping his elbows close to his body; attached to a pair of frail wrists, his inert, very white, somewhat feminine hands, with the palms turned upwards, seemed to be raising all the time whole worlds of abstract burdens. . . . He does not like men; he only loves their history, especially the history of France, of which he was now "doing" a chapter himself, writing it in his mind as he went along, like a frenzied Michelet. . . . He despises too many men and too many things. . .

This was d'Astier's first impression of De Gaulle when he met him in London in 1942, but subsequently it did not greatly change.

De Gaulle is a figure (a "symbol," as d'Astier unkindly called him), whom the French needed in a moment of great danger; he was needed to symbolize resistance during the German Occupation; and again in 1947, at the height of the cold war, when the French bourgeoisie dreaded a Russian invasion and nearly 40 per cent of the people voted for him in the municipal elections that year. But once the danger was over, De Gaulle was cast aside. He represented the heroic tradition, and in normal times there is a deep distaste for heroics. Moreover, De Gaulle lived far too much in the past; his incapacity to face all the social and economic complexities of a modern society was too great. He contributed to the rejection of EDC—which, with its supranational machinery, implied for him the relegation of France to the second rank of powers; but since then he has retired from politics in disgust, and is devoting his time to writing books, no doubt in the bitterly proud belief, as he himself said at a press conference in 1953, that "it is perhaps my fate to have written the last page in the history of France's greatness."

The first volume of De Gaulle's "Memoirs" is admirable as a piece of writing—but slightly disappointing as to its contents. It is the book of a proud but frustrated man, and lacks something of the prophetic sweep, the passionate pleadings, the intense personalism of his prewar *"Le fil de l'epee"* or his *"Vers l'armee de metier."* In the 1930's he still believed in the possibility of a grand French *redressement;* but in telling the story of how he tried to restore French greatness after the disaster of 1940, he admits that he was fully conscious of "steering only a small vessel on the boundless ocean of the World War."

His famous call to France to resist, over the London radio on June

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ALEXANDER WERTH, The Nation's *Paris correspondent, has just completed a history of France since 1940.*

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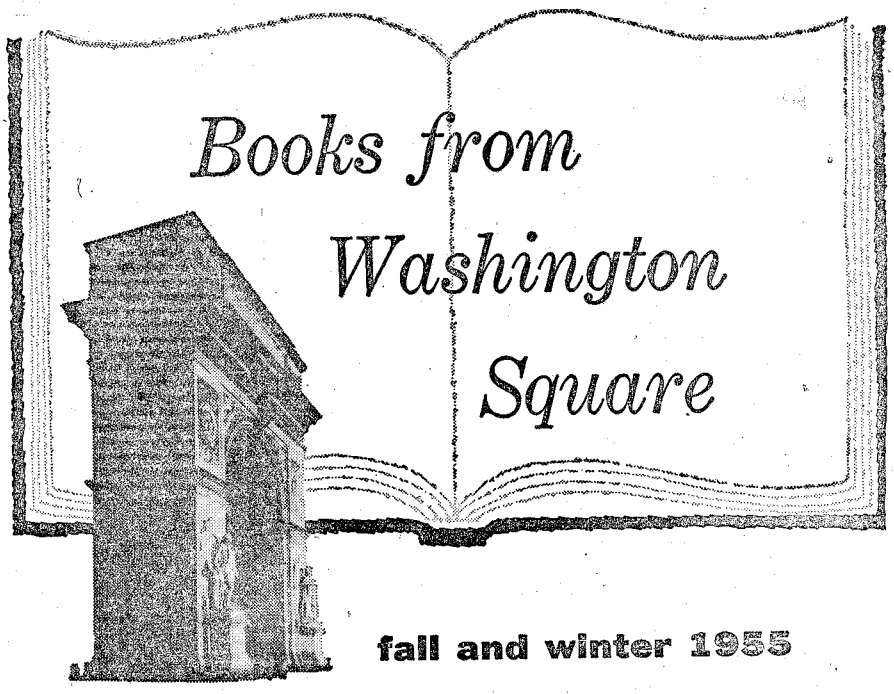
18, 1940, was not, as has often been said, "a lucky B. B. C. fluke." It was, in fact, precisely the kind of gesture that De Gaulle had psychologically premeditated years before; it was foreshadowed in *"Le fil de l'epee"* which he wrote in 1932. In a sense it is a pity that in his "Memoirs," De Gaulle should have chosen to tell a perfectly straightforward story, with very few digressions, instead of providing some of that psychological self-analysis which one finds in his earlier books.

Though his literary style is generally excellent, it is at times too laconic, with not nearly enough detail in characterization of the people he discusses. As a result, he has concentrated into a mere 250 pages the whole De Gaulle story up to 1942, the rest of the book being composed of "Documents," many of them of only minor interest.

Even in these 250 pages, a large part of the narrative is devoted to De Gaulle's prewar career and hopeless struggle for reform of the French army, which envisaged the creation of an *armee de metier,* with panzer divisions to give France a weapon fitted to her foreign policy.

With profound bitterness De Gaulle relates his (and Paul Reynaud's) attempts to create an army which could have acted as a deterrent to Hitler, notably in 1936 when he reoccupied the Rhineland. With a few armored divisions France could have stopped the rot; and in that case neither Austria nor Czechoslovakia would have been lost. De Gaulle took the matter up with Blum, only to find that Blum had convinced himself that the French army was "perfectly adequate" for defense, and would not allow De Gaulle to convince him that it was inadequate even for that, let alone for going to the rescue of France's allies. De Gaulle admits, however, that the politicians were not alone to blame; Gamelin, Petain, and Weygand were also quite satisfied with the "Maginot Myth." And when disaster came, a general feeling of defeatism swept over the whole of Western Europe: Leopold looked for the first opportunity to surrender; Gort to evacuate the British army; Weygand to sue for an armistice. These reflexes, in De Gaulle's view, were practically simultaneous.

De Gaulle relates in some detail,



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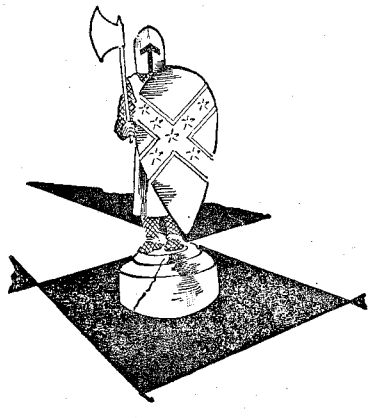
and with a touch of melancholy pride, how his troops recaptured nearly the whole of the German bridgehead at Abbeville, south of the Somme and took 500 German prisoners; and he asks where else in France, during those terrible days, did Germans become prisoners, and French troops advance. But it was to no avail. German superiority in armor and in the air was immense, and both the leaders and the people of France had lost their heads.

"If" and "il only" are idle words in any history; and one may well wonder whether the course of events would have been very different had De Gaulle's advice been followed. It seems likely that, in 1936, a French *armee de metier* would have been able to stop Hitler's reoccupation of the Rhineland; but supposing a great armored French force had been built up just before 1939, what would have happened? Would not Germany (which nearly crushed Russia a year later) have won the war in France in any case—if not in five weeks, then in five months?

But be that as it may, in De Gaulle's view France's foreign policy and military policy were suicidal. So much so that he scarcely blames Stalin for having signed the German-Soviet pact of 1939: Stalin, he says, had every reason to believe that France would do nothing, and was right to think that Russia had better share in the devouring of Poland than be itself next on Hitler's menu.

The story of how De Gaulle went to London and refused to obey Weygand's summons to return to France; of how he started the tiny Free French movement with Churchill's somewhat skeptical approval; of how, for a long time, it remained little more than a one-man show, is quite familiar. There are, in the course of the narrative, some ad-



General De Gaulle

mirable little pen portraits of Eden, Churchill, and others, but the "inside stories" are chiefly only those than can be read between the lines.

Of Eden he speaks highly; Eden, in his view, was a better friend of France than Churchill, but was occasionally hampered by the distrust of the Foreign Office, the ambitions of the military, the greed of the British colonials with their eye on the French Empire, and the machinations of the Intelligence Service which, for one thing, acted disloyally, and much too independently of De Gaulle, in its activities in France. The British, in general, had a tendency to look upon the French in London as mere auxiliaries in Britain's own fight against Germany. They did not recognize sufficiently the political importance of the Gaullist movement.

There were many angry clashes between De Gaulle and Churchill over the manner in which the British landed in Madagascar in May, 1942, without consulting the Free French, and over the shabby way in which the Gaullists were treated in Syria. Not only did the British refuse to hand the Syrian Mandate over to De Gaulle after the Vichy troops had been repatriated, but Generals Maitland Wilson and Spears constantly sabotaged the De Gaulle-Lyttelton agreement. They also made it impossible for the Gaullists to "convert" to their side more than 6,000 out of the 30,000 men of General Dentz's Vichyite army—the rest were sent back to France before the Gaullists had had time to make contact with them. More than once De Gaulle threatened to "break off relations" with Britain and to concentrate "Free France's" independent activities on the protection and extension of the Free French possessions in Central Africa. The trouble with Churchill, according to De Gaulle, was that he was completely under Roosevelt's thumb, and in both Roosevelt's and Cordell Hull's view, Vichy must continue to be courted and humored. Hence their hatred of "the so-called Free French," as Hull called them in his angry comment on the St. Pierre and Miquelon episode.

YET, in spite of everything, De Gaulle continued to be arrogant and overbearing. When Churchill once remarked to De Gaulle that he (Churchill) was more subtle than De Gaulle, and made concessions and was not unbending, the French leader characteristically remarked: "You have power behind you; but I have to be stiff and uncompromising; I am too weak ever to submit or to kow-tow." And almost miraculously, he got away with it, and by the end of this first part of his story, he had good reason to be satisfied. By the middle of 1942, he had an armed force of 70,000 Free French, a substantial part of France's merchant fleet, and a small navy. He also had to his credit the glory of the battle of Bir Hakeim, where the 5,500 Free French under General Koenig fought infinitely better (De Gaulle notes with glee) than the 30,000 British who surrendered at Tobruk "with incomprehensible haste." In this part of his "Memoirs" his clash with the United States is only foreshadowed. For De Gaulle's grand quarrel with the United States over the North Africa landing we must wait until the next volume. I hope it comes out soon, and that in it De Gaulle will be a little less austere and laconic, and not shun to quite the same extent the personal gossip about men like Churchill and Roosevelt—as for instance the episode of Anfa where they engineered the tragic-comic De Gaulle-Giraud handshake for the benefit of the world press.

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Secret Places of the Groin

THE DEER PARK. By Norman Mailer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.

By Dudley Nichols

TO MAKE clear the source and meaning of his title the author quotes from D'Angerville's "Private Life of Louis XV": ". . . the Deer Park, that gorge of innocence and virtue in which were engulfed so many victims who, when they returned to society, brought with them depravity, debauchery, and all the vices they naturally acquired from the infamous officials of such a place." There is precious little innocence and virtue to be depraved in Mr. Mailer's new novel, but a glut of debauchery and vice. His Deer Park is Hollywood, though he takes care not to name it, either for artistic reasons or from some inner misgivings—or quite possibly it is the publisher's misgivings. The author chooses to identify his park as "the capital of cinema" and the imagined events occur in a desert resort a few hours' drive away. In this golden oasis, which he calls Desert D'Or, perhaps on the grounds that Palm Springs would be too explicit, his characters seek pleasure and excitement in love (which everyone knows is a four-letter word), in sex, in alcohol, drugs, vice; in short, in each other. This "desert door" opens on a strange playground of the Deer Park indeed.

One would waste no time with this novel if it did not come from Norman Mailer, who proved his power and serious purpose in "The Naked and the Dead." His intent cannot have been merely to write a shocker. Clearly he is obsessed by a relentless will to expose the facts of life, as he sees them, in a certain place and time: the truth about love, sex, marriage, vice, and the secret places of the heart, soul, and groin.

Or perhaps the soul must be ruled out by so grim a realist. His method is to call a spade a spiv, to concentrate on the genital aspects of his people rather than struggle with the complexities of character and personality, to deal almost exclusively with things normally unspoken except on the analyst's couch. What floodgates, what "desert doors" have been opened to imaginative authors by the analysts, the modern St. Georges bent on destroying the dragons of inhibition and even more bent on publishing the gory details of their victories!

Mr. Mailer's motive, aside from the artist's imperative to render the truth of the human situation as he sees it, may spring from revolt against the society he lives in, what he discerns as the hypocrisy of respectability, of moral restraints, of outward decency, masking the whited sepulcher, indeed the hypocrisy of everything that is called "good taste."

Very well. The serious writer must ever belong to the opposition. This novel is narrated by a young man, a former air force officer who bears some resemblance to an even younger Mr. Mailer in that he longs to become a writer. Certainly he goes about it the wrong way. With a pocket full of money—$14,000 won in a poker game in Tokyo despite the fact that "he was never a gambler and did not even like the game"—the hero heads for the Deer Park, or rather for its desert door, very likely in the hope of consummating many a similar young man's secret fantasy: the seduction of, or by, some glamorous movie star. He soon succeeds, though the moral may be that he pays for it, if the author were one to point a moral, which he is not. Not that he may not be a moralist—in the newer fashion. You never know. Surely an author who sets out to expose the deer parks must be spurred by moral purposes; otherwise there is so much else in the world that is more interesting, if less titillating, to create from. The young narrator may be an inverted moralist. He has the strength, the curiosity, to have got beyond good and evil. At least, beyond the realm of the good.

Still in uniform and medal-bedecked, he is soon webbed firmly in the drama of the principal charac-

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DUDLEY NICHOLS has written, directed, and produced films in the West Coast deer park for some time. Among his films have been "The Informer," "Stagecoach," "The Long Voyage Home," "Sister Kenny," and "Mourning Becomes Electra."

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ters. These include a film-director named Eitel, who is a genius in the vertical (though all the evidence is to the contrary); Eitel's new girl, who is a genius in the horizontal (evidence adduced in full details); a wealthy young pimp, for the model of whom Mr. Mailer has had to reach off to another deer park in Manhattan; a homosexual male Hollywood star, and sundry clever-corrupt film executives, gossip columnists, alcoholic press agents, call girls, drug addicts, degenerates, and rich retired business men in search of their lost youth—or of their sex fantasies which they have not lost.

It is a very rich mixture. It throws off a strong odor, and make no doubt that the author intensely believes it to be the strong, shocking smell of life itself, at least in the deer parks, and a smell which has been too long ignored by less bold writers.

In spite of Mr. Mailer's serious purpose and very genuine skill and power as a novelist, these characters in their casual, everyday hell-raking are insufferably dull—at least for this dogged reader. To be sure there are many dull people in the world, but a gifted writer usually portrays their dullness in a bright and even amusing way. One thinks of "Point Counterpoint." But of course Mr. Huxley was writing satire, and "The Deer Park" is not satire—not intentionally.

THE PROPER critical question is, are the characters *true?* Do they exist? Do they have their counterparts among us? It is an important question for this reader, who has worked a good number of years in Mr. Mailer's deer park. The answer is that very likely they have, or have had, their living counterparts. I should say, knowing how various humanity is, that almost certainly they could be found, and perhaps nearer at hand than you imagine, in Hollywood, or in New York, London, Paris, Rome, Cannes, or in any other of the deer parks of the world. You can always find what you look for. Humanity is unlimited in its virtues and its guilts. It was always so, in modern Hollywood or New York as in ancient Rome, Babylon, Nineveh, and Tyre.

One admires Mr. Mailer's industry. He has worked hard to find what he wanted, and excluded all else. For I know from experience that one can work for years in Hollywood and not fall amongst such a nest of queer characters as Mr. Mailer presents. Yet certainly they exist or could exist. There is more to them, certainly, than the author presents. There is that mad search for sensual excitement which is, obviously, a sad search for death.

I can think of one person for instance, who by hearsay could serve as model for Eitel. Not entirely, for the living man had not much talent, and Eitel is a genius. Mr. Mailer, feeling as the reader does that some evidence of his genius is needed, gives us the story-outline of one of Eitel's projected masterpieces. It is adolescent nonsense. Eitel is far too busy with bottle and bed to spare time for the hard work of making anything more than the most mediocre of assembly-line films. In fairness, this is what the author lets him do finally, but only because he has compromised his once-pure original talent—which is a pure and not very original fiction.

All this is no very culpable error on the part of the author. But it leads to something less venial. Through the jaded Eitel, Mr. Mailer drags in an important issue of our day, an issue which looms high above the sins and sex divagations of imagined characters. He makes Eitel an innocent victim of what he calls "the Subversive Committee." Eitel, obviously a man who has never had any real convictions in his life—social, moral or political—is shown as an idealist who "joined causes" and even fought for the Spanish Loyalists. Now blacklisted, he chafes because his social life in the gilded oasis is restricted to a small group whom he calls the *emigres*—"writers, directors, actors, even a producer or two" who are also blacklisted because "they re-

Travel Piece

Being a tourist, what I did was right:
To set the native Indian in his lair,
There where three crosses corruscate the sky
And mark the holy ground. Mary's day,
And from surrounding hills they came
With banners, drink, and wooden pipe,
Into the church, all richly dressed.

Because we traffic with the centuries
And take our meaning where we can, western man,
Upon the mud-packed floor I knelt me down.
Pine needles green as carpet to the holy feet
That danced before the images; brown
Saints dazzled by the candle shine.

And where the altar stood, beneath
The green cross wooden as the sky
The crowded iconography that drifted there:
A bearded king, the genius of the place,
A faceless woman, grieving for her son,
The familiar son upon his cross of bones.

But where he rode, I saw his smothered form
Wrapped and tied, until the features gone,
The bloodless son looked down on all his world
From the very womb that mothered him.
Here was a conception to be gathered in.

But touristing, I do their meaning wrong.
There was no womb, no mother, and no son;
But Diety, violent in his imagery,
Annihilating history to break the form.
I saw him in that first night, from which,
With cataclysm, they shall bring him forth.

HARVEY SHAPIRO

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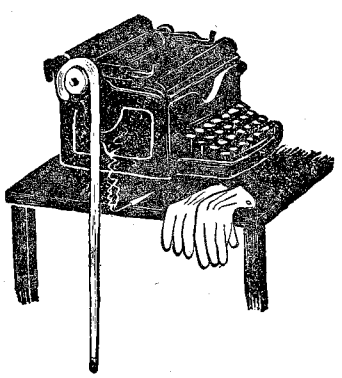
fused to cooperate with the committee." Eitel detests these fellows. He "hates the thought of being classed with the *emigres*."

In the end, of course, he cynically hits the sawdust trail, as cynically as he flouted it before, and goes before the committee and names names, even of people he didn't know or cannot remember, and returns to his studio and his large income. He is pleased with himself, he tells the narrator, because "believe me, it was *dirty* work. In the end that's the only kind of self-respect you have—to be able to say to yourself that you're disgusting." He even has the gall to tell his young friend he's convinced the committee that there is no need to bother *him;* in spite of which the young narrator is subsequently investigated and bullied, though for what reason other than sexual prowess is beyond imagination. Or is it? Of course not. There is guilt by association *with Eitel!*—just as the important issue, out of which Mr. Mailer makes Eitel a martyr, becomes soiled and guilty by association with such a character. Had the author set out to discredit everyone who believes in due process he could have worked it no better. For no one who is not naive can deny that guilt by association is an ancient instinct in men, as old and rooted as the proverb "birds of a feather," and the world, or at least the unthinking portion of the world, instinctively gauges both men and ideas by it. If you wish to soil or destroy a high principle, associate it with decadent, ignoble men.

BUT of course Mr. Mailer is not taken in by the bogus notion of nobility. Forget Moses, remember Adam! And wasn't that fascinating Lilith around even before Eve bent an ear to Satan? Well, Mr. Mailer has in any case rivaled Moses: he has climbed his Mount Sinai and returned with a Message. To end his novel on a high note, he delivers a dialogue with God. His young narrator pits his wits against the Almighty and the subject of course is *sex*. To the young man's query and aphorism about what sex *really is*, the Divine Voice responds, in the style of a garbled Gerald Heard: "Rather think of Sex as Time—and Time as the connection of new circuits." The young man is proud and pleased. For naturally new circuits mean new sexual relations; and the young man's concluding thought, straight from Sinai and the analyst's couch, is that his brilliant conversation with the Lord is "a part of the poor odd dialogues which give hope to us noble humans for more than one night."



They give, alas, no hope to this reader, not even for one night. And one sighs at the mocking tone of that "us *noble* humans." Mr. Mailer cannot be tricked by the lie of any possible nobility in man or woman.

There is no subject matter forbidden to the artist. Like the scientist, as Chekhov said, nothing is filthy to him; it is only something to be understood. Yet the artist must, like the scientist, have clean hands and clean tools for his work. The most guilty and damned among us need the most compassionate touch and the deepest vision, as Dostoevsky well knew. As for tools, our great language is a hard-won store for the creative writer. Freedom to use it to the full, to its most terrible shocking power, has been fought for step-by-step by great writers who have gone before. The young writers of today have inherited a freedom they did nothing to win, and whether they know it or not they are responsible for its preservation. Once you reach the extremity of violent, even *properly* obscene, speech, you have nowhere else to go, no reserve power; and if you go on, recklessly and inartistically, the law of diminishing returns sets in, you lose your effects; and, what is far worse, you may lose for your artist-heirs the priceless freedom of expression which you did nothing to secure. There may be big money in it, for both author and publisher, but nothing can be bought at a higher price than big money.

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Casting out the Tory

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By Allan Seager

ANY AMERICAN: I'm as good as the next guy.

GEORGE ORWELL: The next guy's as good as me.

The chiasmus above is not so unfair as it looks. The first statement is an American folk belief. The second represents a hope that Orwell struggled all his life to realize. From it can be deduced his spellbound anxiety for the underdog, the bases of his personal socialism, his brilliant but lonely polemics against both the Left and Right, and even his concern for style. For Orwell was the Tory who stepped down and Tories are not uneasy about being merely as good as the next guy.

He said he was "lower-upper-middle-class" but this is true only financially. His background, as Mr. Brander says, was much the same as Thackeray's: born in India where his father was in the Indian Civil Service; sent to an expensive prep school at reduced rates because he was trying for a scholarship. He was bullyragged in front of the richer boys because of his poverty by "Bingo," the headmaster's wife, who, Mr. Atkins suggests, may have been the most important woman in his life, the one he had to defy, either by getting rich and powerful or by taking a plunge to disappoint her. Then Eton on the scholarship. Orwell said he did no work there, learned very little, and did not feel that Eton was much of a formative influence in his life. However, Mr. Brander says, "To anyone who knew him it was obvious where he had been to school," and here it is Mr. Brander who is right. Eton is as strong a Tory bulwark as the Guards, stronger because it catches them younger. The point is that Orwell with the easy negligent deprecation of the real Etonian took the place for granted. What was his next move? He "went out" to the colonies as impecunious public-school men have done for a century. (Everywhere is "out" to the English. Only England is "in." Nations reveal themselves in their use of prepositions.)

He was a policeman in Burma and it woke him up. He discovered "the Empire was a racket." The words—decency, justice, liberty—that were to be his touchstones for the rest of his career began to matter to him and he lifted them out of their Tory sockets to examine them. In Burma he began his long scrutiny of the society he lived in and, to keep a clear eye, he tried to cast out the Tory in him. He never wholly succeeded and the effort makes some of his later steps seem deliberate.

HE assumed poverty in Paris and became a tramp in England. Partly because he was poor, partly because, newly awake, he wanted to see and know the poor, and partly because to touch bottom, to be absolutely penniless and irresponsible had a queer kind of coziness for him, he worked as a *plongeur,* a dishwasher, the lowest job in one of the big Paris hotels, far underground in steam and filth. He nearly starved and he returned to England where he roamed the Southern Counties in 1932, sleeping and eating handouts in the "spikes" (the poorhouses), passionately sympathetic and attentive to what he saw.

In the next few years he married, wrote two of his London novels, did journalism, and kept a village shop. In 1936 when the Left Book Club selected him to do a documentary survey of unemployment, he embarrassed them with "The Road to Wigan Pier." It is half a description of the mining community, "which is anything but typical of the working classes," Mr. Brander says, and the rest is autobiography and a rallying cry for Orwell's peculiar socialism. He was maturing politically. In 1937 he felt compelled to go to Spain to fight "against fascism" and "for common decency," he said. He was utterly ignorant of Spanish politics and he joined the Trotskyite P. O. U. M. militia, fought, was shot through the neck, and got out of Spain just ahead of the Stalinist police. The experience exhilarated and instructed him. As he said in "Homage to Catalonia," he had lived for once in his life among a society of equals. The fact that he had actually fought gave him immediate prestige among British intellectuals who had not. He was ready to attack the two major tyrannies but the expected war intervened. Rejected for military service he joined the Home Guard and worked for the B. B. C.

In 1945 "Animal Farm," his great anti-Communist fable, had a success. It made him well-off and he was able to retire to the island of Jura off the Scottish coast to work on his greater tract, "1984." There he was downed by tuberculosis which, apparently, had been chronic since his preschool days. He continued to work, got the book in fair shape, and died of a lung hemorrhage in 1950, forty-seven years old. Of "1984" he said, "It wouldn't have been so gloomy if I hadn't been so ill."

Why was he read so eagerly? His socialism had hardly any program, therefore hardly any supporters. History meant nothing to him. He was weak on any but the most personal economics. He once said he had averaged £3 a week income up

George Orwell

ALLAN SEAGER, novelist, teaches at the University of Michigan. His latest book is "Amos Berry."

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to 1939. His body of principles comes to only two words more than what he said of Dickens's message: "If men would behave decently the world would be decent." For any Englishman or American who publicly puts his trust in decency, liberty, and justice, there is only one sanction that will give that trust public validity and that is Christianity. Neither of his biographers say this directly. They skirt around it, calling him a saint or a Lollard. It would have made Orwell come out fighting, for he had the enthusiasm of a French anti-clerical against the church; yet it is "preacher" that identifies him.

Ours, both England's and our own, is a Puritan culture whether we like it or not and echoes can be raised that can force us to listen, reluctantly or helplessly. Orwell raised them. He repudiated all florid pulpit vacuities and he uses his sharp, clear, pungent style to define what is, at bottom, sin. If we are sucked in by "all the smelly little orthodoxies which are now contending for our souls," it will be, despite all propaganda, because we did not listen, we did not look sharp, we chose them. And this, too, is a Christian stance. It was Orwell's last great unresolved dilemma. If he had reread his own work closely he would have seen it and if he had lived long enough he would have done something about it.

Mr. Brander says he was a model but he does not make it too clear what he was a model of. It seems to me he was the very pattern of a modern intellectual. He was a "free intelligence," brave, responsible, with an independence of mind that made him rely on his own observation and experience and not on what he read in the papers, and he could write beautifully. What more can you ask?

The two books about him are both excellent. Both authors had the advantage of knowing Orwell personally. Mr. Brander covers Orwell's life calendrically, discussing the works as they come up. Mr. Atkins describes and analyzes Orwell's chief ideas and refers to the books piecemeal. Of the two I would pick Mr. Atkins's but only because it is fuller.

Out of the Top Drawer

EMILY DICKINSON. An Interpretive Biography. By Thomas H. Johnson. The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. $4.50.
THE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Edited by Thomas H. Johnson. The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. Three Volumes. $25.

By John Ciardi

EMILY DICKINSON died in 1886 at the age of fifty-six, leaving six published poems (one of them a piece of juvenilia), her "papers," and many letters scattered among her various correspondents. Emily's papers were mainly in the form of "packets," impromptu booklets made by folding sheets of writing paper and stitching them together at the fold. Emily's sister Lavinia was astonished at the number of such packets. Lavinia knew, of course, that Emily "wrote poetry"—but drawers full of it! Even living in the same house with her, Lavinia never guessed the dedication and the gradual self-awareness and self-certainty with which Emily shaped herself for immortality.

Lavinia begged her neighbor, Mabel Todd Loomis, to edit these packets, and Mrs. Loomis began by transcribing from the packets Lavinia brought her the astonishing total of 879 poems. There it seemed to rest, the two ladies busy at their bonanza. But Lavinia and Mrs. Todd would have had to double their astonishment could they have foreseen that time would reveal in letters and stray sheets as many poems again and more, for a total of 1775. They would have been even more astonished to learn that more than half these poems, 1002 of them, had been written in the eight years beginning with 1858, 366 of them in 1862 alone! Without her own household so much as guessing it, Emily Dickinson had passed through a creative burst unparalleled in the history of lyric poetry.

JOHN CIARDI teaches at Rutgers University. His most recent book, "As If. Poems New and Selected," was published in September.

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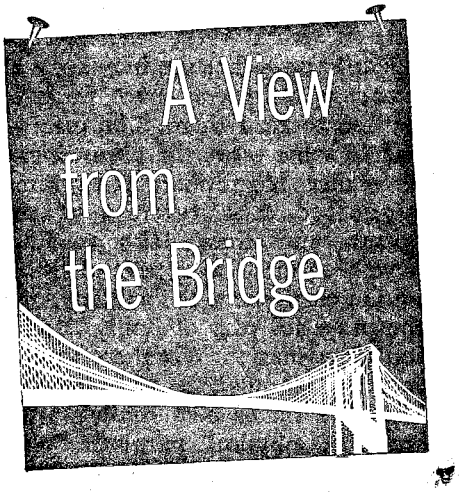

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That Emily could so conceal herself from those closest to her, that she suffered from so compelling a necessity to retire into the life of the imagination, there to make up in intensity and passion for the withdrawal from the contact with others she could not physically endure, has long provided scholars with a base for every possible misconstruction of her life. She seemed to make a mystery of herself; small wonder that mystery attached to her.

SOME OF these misinterpretations have resulted from bad scholarship, some from incomplete evidence. It is all the more an event, therefore, that a scholar so admirably qualified as Thomas H. Johnson should have been the first to have made available to him every Emily Dickinson manuscript known to exist. There have been fatter biographies of Emily Dickinson but none has been more to the point. It is very much to that point that, once the confusions and diversions have been put aside, it becomes possible for a truly qualified scholar to reveal Emily Dickinson whole in 259 pages, at least two-thirds of which are concerned with the most rounded and penetrating analysis to date of the poems themselves.

For what Johnson centrally attests is what every well-engaged reader knows—that the biography of a poet is his poems, once we have learned to read them. The errors—and in some cases, the absurdities—of earlier biographers have often suggested false readings of the poems, and these false readings have been made to appear plausible by the elusiveness, the subtlety, and the prayerful play of Emily Dickinson's imagination. Was there a secret lover, a scandal, a renunciation? How are we to take Emily's assertions of physical passion? "Wild nights, wild nights" begins one poem—but were there any such wild nights (there were not) or is this a key to Emily's imaginative assault?

Because every poet of consequence writes his life into the Grand Poem which is the total of his individual poems, and because we want to contact that mind in all its unity and disjunction, we want to know how to take such assertions. We want the life.

Sensitively, faithfully, economically, and minus all the bulky distortions, Johnson brings that life into view: the whimsical child; the enormous awe of her father; the cumulative and stunning impact of the death, first of her father, then one by one of so many of those who had been closest to her; her refuge in art through the years when her lexicon, as she put it, was her "only companion"; the sustaining contacts via correspondence with men of her father's generation; that enormous burst of creativity as her powers gathered, as she learned surely that she had mastered her art, learning at the same time that she was too far ahead of her age to be recognized in her own lifetime and firmly accepting that fact. And finally her gradual turning from poetry to letter writing in her later years, a kind of letter writing as formal as poetry itself, and certainly motivated by an awareness that she was writing to the future as much as to her correspondent—that life is made whole and lucid, not free of mysterious compulsion (what whole life is?), but alive in itself, feelable, and most justified by the fact that poems unmistakably respond in the reading to that life as Johnson reveals it.

The simultaneous publication of Johnson's three-volume edition of the poems testifies to the massive scholarship which has made possible the economy and penetration of the biography, and certainly establishes the text and the chronology of the poems as nearly as it can ever be arrived at. Each poem is given in the most acceptable version, with all of Emily Dickinson's variants, all publication and manuscript data, all textual variants introduced by various editors as "improvements" or misreadings, and each poem is painstakingly dated.

The dating is accomplished partly by internal and external evidence in the writing itself, by a study of the paper (inconclusive though exhaustive), even by a careful study of the pin holes made in the folded packet sheets in preparation for threading them. Primarily, however, the dating is established by the most meticulous study of Emily's changing handwriting.

Emily Dickinson's handwriting underwent a constant slow change. Not only from year to year, but even within a given year, characteristic changes occur. It is possible therefore—possible to a scholar of Johnson's meticulous devotion—by comparing manuscripts of unknown date, with other writings (mostly letters) of known date and by cross-checking the results against other lesser data, to arrive at the date of the writing within rather close limits. The method is not infallible, as Johnson points out. It seems certain, however, that no one will ever be able to come any closer to the exact chronology.

Johnson gives full details of his methods in his ample introductions to the poems, and the literary detectives can trace the finer points there. What matters to the reader is that the air has been cleared of all stray ghosts. There will be more biographies, certainly, and a number of minor points will be clarified. Jay Leyda's log of Emily's life, now in preparation, promises to be a basic addition. Urgently needed, too, is an edition of all the letters free of editorial meddling, an edition equal in its scholarship to the present edition of the poems. I hope Thomas H. Johnson has such an edition firmly among his future plans.

Meanwhile, the gift of Johnson's tremendous scholarship and brilliant criticism is the poems. It is now possible for the first time to read Emily Dickinson's poems as she wrote them, as she lived with them and into them, and as she meant them to be read. Whatever may be added at the periphery, Johnson has fixed the center forever.

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The Age of Wouk

By Maxwell Geismar

TIME MAGAZINE featured "novelist Herman Wouk" on its September 5 cover. The book column carried a large and laudatory article on the author of "The Caine Mutiny" and the current best-seller, "Marjorie Morningstar."A week later *Life* magazine featured both Herman Wouk and Sloan Wilson, author of another best-seller, "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit." The September 12 *Life* editorial was devoted to the subject of the American novel. Such cultural enthusiasm is unusual in the Luce publications, it is even somewhat alarming, as when a banker endows a college; so let us try to see what it means.

The *Time* article was an incredible affair even for a magazine whose policy has always been to denigrate serious books and to elevate the mediocre. Mr. Wouk's new novel was a mutiny against "three decades of U. S. fiction dominated by skeptical criticism, sexual emancipation, social protest, and psychoanalytic sermonizing." I am not sure what the last item means, but if *Time* was referring to the tradition of social protest in American fiction, it dates back at least to 1880, or about seven decades. It includes Walt Whitman, who was for sex, and William Dean Howells, who was against sex, and practically every major American novelist since then. If Mr. Wouk is really leading a mutiny against this tradition, he is going to have his hands full.

Yet there is a curious and vital connection between sexual inhibition and social conformity that the editors of *Time* have smelled out, and Mr. Wouk is a perfect example of their thesis. He becomes indeed in their glowing eulogy the House Author of the American Way at the middle of the twentieth century. First of all, he is rich; no more starving artists with ragged clothes and irresponsible thoughts. No more Emerson or Melville or Hawthorne, even, who was fired from his customs-house post, and had subversive ideas about the Puritans. The modern American novelist can look the American industrialist straight in the eye; in fact, if he is like Wouk, he is an industry by himself. Even lesser authors like Hemingway and Faulkner have not done so badly in a financial way lately, though *Time* does not list the current value of their enterprises as it does for Mr. Wouk.

AND HE also, as we discover, has spiritual or hidden assets. He comes from Russian immigrant stock and is a devout Orthodox Jew "who has achieved worldly success in worldly-wise Manhattan while adhering to dietary prohibitions and traditional rituals which many of his fellow Jews find embarrassing." *Time* is more at home in this murky element, which carries the latent threat under the guise of paternal blessing. As a descendant of the same tradition myself, and with great respect for its true achievements, I find this passage not only embarrassing but vulgar. After all, Moses did not offer his people the choice between eating the Golden Calf or worshipping it. And now the *Time* article comes to the point. Although Mr. Wouk is a highly sensitive member of a religious minority, "he is one of the few living U. S. writers who carries no chip on his shoulder and who gives the U. S. straight A's in his fictional report cards."

Thus the Luce organization has redefined the meaning of the Jewish tradition in the New World (to make money) and the meaning of American literature itself (to write good report cards). "The Caine Mutiny" did just this, we are told, by affirming Mr. Wouk's belief "in 1) decency—in language as well as deeds, 2) honor, 3) discipline, 4) authority, 5) hallowed institutions like the U. S. navy." Remember that I am quoting, and there is even more: "In 'Marjorie Morningstar,' Wouk will set more teeth on edge by advocating chastity before marriage, suggesting that real happiness

MAXWELL GEISMAR, a staff contributor to The Nation, *is the author of "Rebels and Ancestors," "The Last of the Provincials," "Writers in Crisis," and other studies of the American novel. He has recently published a Pocket Book, "The Whitman Reader."*

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for a woman is found in a home and children, cheering loud and long for the American middle classes, and blasting Bohemia and Bohemians. Wouk is a Sinclair Lewis in reverse." And indeed, then, he is, for even Lewis never quite reached this unhappy ebb in his later novels.

YET MR. WOUK too must have shuddered and recoiled a little when he read this blunt summary of his aims; and I am treating him here as a symbolic figure. As a human being, as fellow-artist, he is being victimized as much by *Time's* praise as other writers have been by *Time's* malice. For even the Luce editorialist must have had his tongue in cheek when penning this *gemutlich* version of God, fatherland, family, and our leaders right or wrong. What about other hallowed institions like the United States army —or the marines? What a howl must have gone up in the publicity offices of the Pentagon! More seriously, I submit that most serious writers do have an inherent belief in decency and honor. But it is just this belief that so often has made them rebel against empty discipline and blind, dangerous, or evil authority. Even Thomas Mann's Felix Krull thought it was a great triumph when he cheated the Prussian army out of his rogue's body.

Incidentally, while "Marjorie Morningstar" does advocate an odd kind of semi-chastity, it also describes the most prolonged necking-bout in recent literary history. By the time of marriage there is probably no need for sexual activity. As for the American middle class which, for example, William Dean Howells believed to have been corrupted by the plutocratic spirit in the 1900's, and which *Time* is now inculcating with such alien ideas, I still think it has that last atavistic democratic trait—a sense of humor. At least the *Life* editorial on the American novel was on a higher plane, and took a more generalized line. It did quote the man behind "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit." "The world's treated me awfully well," said Sloan Wilson, "and I guess it's crept into my work." Yes, that, and a brilliant advertising campaign that also pushed the book, and created what we may call a "well-packaged novel."

Shades of Henry James, and of Theodore Dreiser—both of whom the world treated rather badly. But *Life* is still not quite satisfied with either Wilson or Wouk or even Lionel Shapiro's "Sixth of June" which, though it revolves about a triangle, "is not resolved by adultry." This is only a beginning, apparently; what is the real trouble? "Ours is the most powerful nation in the world. It has had a decade of unparalleled prosperity. It has gone further than any other society toward creating a classless society." Yet after all this, says *Life*, our literature still sounds "as if it were written by an unemployed homosexual living in a packing-box shanty on the city dump." Our writers can't forget the depression, or they are "obscenity-obsessed," as in the recent parade of war novels, or they lack spiritual purpose—"the unquenchable reaching of man's soul for a truth higher than reality."

LOGICALLY, I don't know what can be made of this hodge-podge of half-truths. There is also the little matter of the atomic bomb; but when, asks *Life*, was life ever secure? "Atomic fear or not, the incredible accomplishments of our day are surely the raw stuff of saga." Yes, they are, and one would welcome a new generation of novelists who would look into such things as McCarthyism, or the white-collar equivalent of Nixonism, or the loyalty oaths and security dismissals, or the large-size looting of our natural resources, or the marriages of the corporations, and the rise of the stock market while small business and farming declines; or the hostility of Asia and the alienation of Europe while our public mind is both intimidated and dazzled by a series of shifting advertising slogans. "Who speaks for America today?" *Life* asks, and I am afraid that the United States of America speaks for itself.

Our writers do indeed lack a spiritual purpose, which in former generations was accompanied by a broad social base; and the present stress of our most gifted talents on private studies of pathology is also symptomatic of the larger, the national disease.

What is clear, however, is that both *Time* and *Life* are laying down a program for a new slap-happy optimism mingled with a proper respect for whatever exists and a species of domestic drama that will avoid all bad language and all serious human issues. We are back again to that "smiling side of life" which the Victorians believed to be the true American side, though we have been through a sewer of corruption since then, and are now sitting on top of a volcano. This new literature will be based on the principle of "Woukism." The object will be to persuade millions of people that they are completely different from all the other people whom they are exactly like. "Peace, Prosperity, and Propaganda" will be the grand theme of the new literature, and all deviants from the norm, whether biological or esthetic or ethnic, will be tolerated so long as they do what they are told.

IN THE Age of Wouk, the new writing will certainly have the impulse of revolt, but not the act; just as Marjorie Morgenstern—the "American Everygirl," as we are told—must first rebel against her environment in order properly to conform to it. There will be a little, or quite a lot of sex, so long as it is never fulfilled and has no meaning. There will be the usual periods of doubt, heart-searching, and despair in the lives of these new folk-figures of the American Way—in order to have a happy ending. Marjorie will always marry the man in the gray flannel suit in the typical configuration of the classless—and mindless—society. Well, what does it all really mean? I suspect that the final impact of the atomic age has had the effect of a lobotomy upon the national spirit. Don't look now, but we're all dead.

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Blurred Image of a Lost Lady

THE LADY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS. By Frances Mallory Wykes. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

By William Goyen

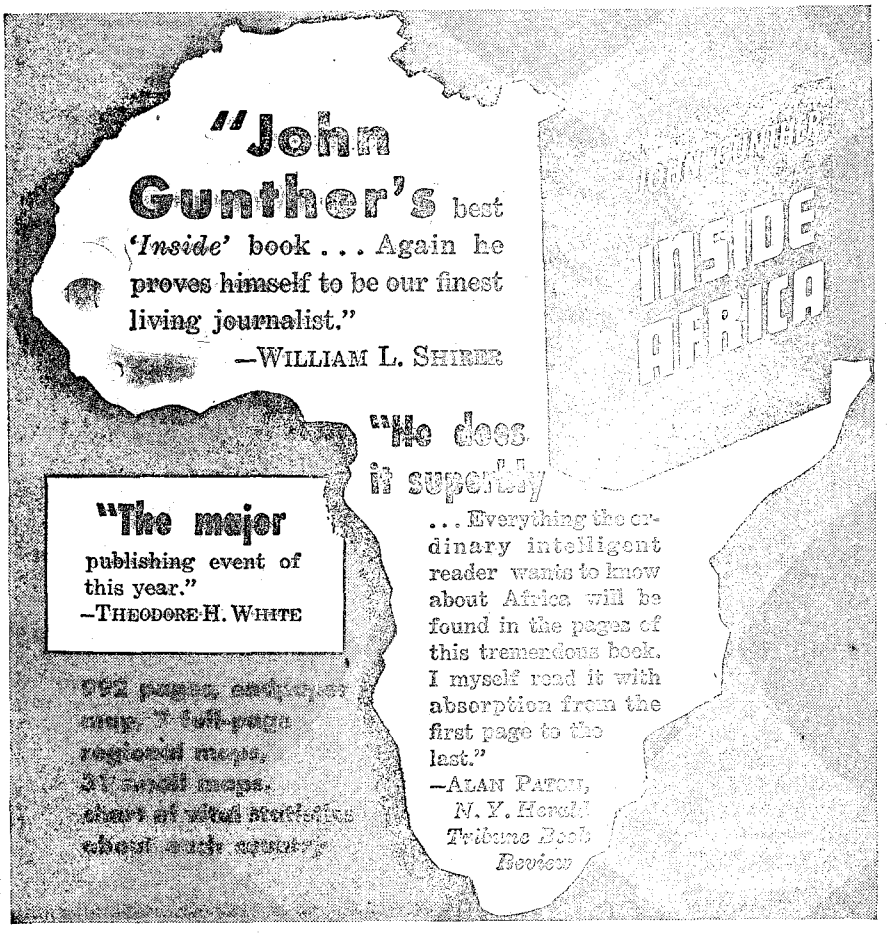
THE VALLEY of the Looking-Glass River lies somewhere "upstate," and the village of Byron is in that valley. Inhabitants of the valley live in the tradition of their ancestors who founded hamlets and built fine houses. The Lady of Looking-Glass Valley is Ellen Winter, and "The Lady and the Looking-Glass" is a penetrating study of this woman of curious power whose withdrawal from life began with the death of her young son. Since his death she has lived with his memory as if he were alive.

Ellen Winter is rich, has a face like a "tired emperor," is fat, cultured, and sophisticated, of vicious wit, and has uncanny perceptions into personalities. It is said she is a witch, that she possesses sinister powers, that she willed the death of a young man of the village, caused the mental derangement of a neighbor, a former opera singer, and killed the life in everything around her. The interior life of Ellen Winter is irresponsible—except to the shadow-life of her dead son—and indulgent, mandarin (country style). She spends her time handling beautiful old objects of silver, musing upon letters and diaries of her aristocratic forebears; she paints, dresses in various sumptuous mandarin coats, eats partridges and woodcock or good red beef, holding the hand of her son's ghost or talking to him. Her husband is a lively, resigned gentleman whose freedom in the village is unfettered but whose adoration of his wife approaches idolatry.

When a young niece comes to visit the Winter household, a series of incidents begins which draws Ellen into relationships with the outside world. To preserve her connection with the dead, she deftly and listlessly destroys the living patterns threatening her own deathly privacy. She arouses enigmatic tensions in those around her, yet she has no seeming interest in her power over them except where it confuses her dead son's possession of her. Others are drawn to her, out of life, as though they were seeking the deathliness in her, and she lays that shadow over them gratuitously: Had they not come under her shadow of their own choice?

All this sounds as though "The Lady and the Looking-Glass" were a tale of Gothic meanness. It is not; it is delicate, ironic, low-keyed, and low-strung. The only intrusion of the Gothic macabre is, indeed, a weakness of an otherwise curiously lucent story. When the obsessed ex-diva who has lost her voice pursues a redbird until, dressed in a

WILLIAM GOYEN is the author of "In a Farther Country," "Ghost and Flesh," and "The House of Breath."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long white robe, she captures it, she tears it apart in an effort to discover the secret of song. There is bird's blood on her white robe. This shift of tone, one feels, confuses the conception of Ellen and makes us reconsider her in the light of cruelty and violence; it surfaces and blurs her image where one had come to accept and understand it at another depth. For is she not meant to be a Lost Lady whose crimes are not planned in life but occur in nature out of the collision of private reverie and social circumstance?

IF MRS. Wykes had kept her lost lady in the narrow but deep and shifting current of this channel and framework, her tale, impressive as it is, would have been an extraordinary piece of work. As it is, there hangs over it an aura of sterility, of soured exquisiteness—not in the sense of luxuriant embellishment in style but in that of overflooding her river of looking-glass and so rendering shallower and blurred what might have been truer reflection and clearer image if restricted to natural depths and boundaries.

Still, this is a fine first novel and of distinguished style and fulness of scene, of genuine quality of place and authenticity of way of life. It remains a curious, slender tale, savoring of a fatty flavor and sickly succulence that leave a rancid taste in the mouth, where everything seems cooked with wine and the grapes unmentioned; a picture of life which appears to be lived so "beautifully" in thick old seasoned houses where the fire is on the hearth, the good whiskey before it, the horses happy in the barn, the music, the luscious leisure, the hunts, the servants, the rare Japanese shrubs and antiques, and the good food—and the deathly paralysis, the loss of tenderness and the vanishing of the human affections. The irony is all Mrs. Wykes's and the flavor Ellen Winter's.

A Guide to Perspective

THE CYCLE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. An Essay in Historical Criticism. By Robert E. Spiller. The Macmillan Company. $4.75.

By Robert H. Elias

THE PROBLEM of understanding the history of our literature is of general concern because without such understanding the meaning of our culture—the definition of what we as individuals and as a purposeful nation in short *are*—must remain woefully partial. Although the story of the literary development of the United States has been told many times, and by writers whose critical acumen and scholarship are ordinarily beyond challenge, the melancholy truth is that, for all that has been contributed, it is only the individual work or the individual writer, and occasionally a particular region or period, that we truly know. From Moses Coit Tyler to F. O. Matthiessen and Perry Miller we can find brilliant studies but nothing that adequately presents the 1955 reader with the shape of the whole. We have libraries of facts and few volumes of truth. The familiar, ambitiously innocuous reference works, the great thesis-riddled sins like Parrington's, the multi-volumned eclecticism of the old "Cambridge History" and the organized impersonality of the recent "Literary History of the United States," all want a properly informing point of view. And in addition, the future's promise is cloudy: the incipient writers of tomorrow's histories, now in the graduate schools, may know enough to report that American writers were not simply always doing what British writers did better, but they too often become victims of those who would dignify American literature by subordinating it to social, economic, and political history—by treating it, that is, as social data, with the result that minor scribblers are hailed because they were Americans and the attempt to define the peculiarities of American writing takes precedence over the attempt to define what writing in America has achieved the level of art.

It is therefore gratifying to find in Professor Spiller's modest book a corrective essay in perspective. He is one who does not forget that it is literature as literature that he should be writing about. The chronicles, sermons, journals, and verses of the early settlers, for example, are mentioned not to argue that we produced belle lettres from the first but to help spell out the cultural circumstances in the crescent nation favorable to ultimate artistic expression. Not only such unquestionably minor literary figures as Wil-

ROBERT H. ELIAS is associate professor of English and chairman of the American Studies program at Cornell University. He is preparing an edition of Theodore Dreiser's correspondence.

It is time for plain speaking

It is time for plain speaking.
No more "imagination of disaster" spun
by prestidigitators on the figureskates
of metaphor cutting inconceivable 8's
with the blade of a polished tongue.

Speak plainly: of Achievement
big as boxtops, emblems of content,
of cornflake blizzards which when eaten bring
surprise: a prize. *The Sunday Supplement*
is art we understand, and Puck is king,

And conspirators mutter and their hands bark
and death decodes the subtile lies
that mesh guilt like nooses round the breasts
of the cigaretgirl while the private eyes
crinkle knowledgeably at the dark behests

of the archbishops of crime,
and radarwristed priestesses commit
discriminate indiscretions since the time
between the raveling of the moral plot
and the next installment may be all we've got.

DANIEL G. HOFFMAN

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liam Bradford and Cotton Mather, but also such celebrated citizens as Edwards, Franklin, and Jefferson take their proper subordinate place as creators of conditions out of which an organic literature could arise. Even Irving, Bryant, and Cooper, who have sometimes been regarded as major figures, are included mainly to enable us to understand the literature of the early nineteenth century whose limited accomplishments clarify for us the later impressive achievements of Emerson and Thoreau, Poe and Hawthorne, Melville and Whitman. The activity of the Knickerbocker group is, in sum, a "condition," like the contents of the circulating libraries or the absence of regular publishers; it is an influence, a portent, a datum like the economic or political situation, not an artistic triumph.

IN THE same way we later observe not only Norris and Garland but also Glasgow and Cather assuming positions as writers whose defects point up what is fine in Dreiser and O'Neill, Hemingway and Faulkner, Frost and Eliot. "Moby-Dick," "Leaves of Grass," "Huckleberry Finn," "The Wings of the Dove," Emily Dickinson's letters to the world, "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres," "An American Tragedy," "Four Quartets," and "The Sound and the Fury" emerge as masterworks worth the critical analysis we have learned to lavish on the Great Books, while the authors of lesser works become established among the individuals who have helped civilize a continent but who have never given that civilization its ultimate justification.

It is therefore not the least of Spiller's merits that he rids the study of American literature of lots of those pretenders to attention who have too long cluttered up our college anthologies with the provincialisms that have made the study of our national letters the sociological stepchild of English departments. He sees with refreshing clarity that to show what is American about a quantity of printed words is not equivalent to showing what is artistic about some of the writing that happens to have come out of America.

According to Spiller, our literature has been through two cycles: a birth in the Atlantic colonies, a period of maturity in New York and New England, a fruition in the production of "Moby-Dick" and "Leaves of Grass," and a decline among the Boston Brahmins; then a rebirth out of the opened West, a period of growth in which Henry Adams fulfills the function of defining issues as Emerson had fulfilled the function earlier, and finally, after the fruition represented by Hemingway and Faulkner at their best, an apparent end, with the generation returning from the Second World War to offer nothing revolutionary or even new. The pattern that Spiller finds is what has enabled him to draw upon historical, economic, and sociological studies to provide a setting for literature as belle lettres and an account of historical processes singularly useful to esthetic judgments.

If, however, the scheme of Spiller's work is admirable, there remain some regrettable defects. Too many of the writers he discusses are introduced with paragraph-long biographical sketches that contain material irrelevant to the thesis; too many novels or poems are called deep or intense or profound or tragic without our ever knowing of what specifically the depth, intensity, profundity, or tragedy consists; and generalizations linking, say, an author's excellence to his ability to criticize American life sometimes lack the support that goes with a demonstration of what in particular was criticized. Revealingly, all attempt at analytic judgment is on one occasion explicitly abandoned—"Time alone can discover the unity of purpose in . . . [Dos Passos's] best writing." But even a frequent substituting of label for critical analysis need not blind us to some important critical insights either; what Spiller says of Cooper as the first organic artist in America, of Poe as spokesman for America, of the similarities of Melville and Whitman, of the artistry of Henry Adams more than compensates for the critical void elsewhere. In fact, if we understand that the reader of this book is expected to come to it having made an initial esthetic judgment of the greater writers, what Spiller says of their historical importance will add freshly and significantly to our understanding of the total worth of their artistic achievements.

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Men Who Shaped America

DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE RISE OF NATIONAL CONSERVATISM, By Richard N. Current; *WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND THE HUMANITARIAN REFORMERS,* By Russell B. Nye; *BOOKER T. WASHINGTON AND THE NEGRO'S PLACE IN AMERICAN LIFE,* By Samuel R. Spencer, Jr. Little, Brown and Company. $3 each.

By Ray Ginger

THE Library of American Biography, edited by Oscar Handlin, is a new series of short books which aims to popularize history by personalizing it. The general idea is not to write biographies, but rather to focus on those aspects of an individual's career which reveal a significant development in American life.

This method, at its best, results in books like Current's study of Daniel Webster. With the careful research and keen insights that mark all of Current's work, this little volume shows how Webster reversed himself on one issue after another as the interests of New England business changed with time. It shows Webster's continuous efforts to reconcile the views of his rich constituents (and creditors) with his ambition for the Presidency. It analyses the political philosophies and shifting party lines of the ante-bellum period. And it demonstrates how Webster, for all his flipflops on specific policies, held consistently to a conservative position. He differed from both Calhoun and Jacksonians in denying the presence of class conflicts in the United States. Insisting that widespread ownership of property created both diffusion of political power and social harmony, he thought that government aid to business would benefit everybody.

Current has given us an important interpretive work on the years from 1800 to 1850. He has also written a book that is popular in the best sense: clear, fast-moving, lightened by humor and irony.

Nye's book on Garrison, dealing with the same period as Current's, serves as a valuable supplement. Whereas it is not unfair to Webster to see him as a spokesman for a movement that he never really led, Garrison was anything but an opportunist. He embraced virtually all of the unpopular causes of his lifetime. But it is his abolitionism that makes his life important, for Garrison, as Nye shows, helped to break the conspiracy of silence about slavery. In the decade after 1830, he did more than any other man to make the moral aspects of slavery a public issue.

Spencer's study of Washington forms a conspicuous contrast to these two books. If Current and Nye illuminate historical truth, Spencer confuses it and conceals it. This obfuscation was inevitable, once he had decided to identify Booker T. Washington with improvement in the status of Negroes in this country.

Washington did help greatly to improve the number and quality of segregated educational institutions for Negroes, and he deserves acclaim for doing so. But the good he did in that way he more than bargained away in others. He announced that the "separate-but-equal" doctrine would be satisfactory to Negroes even *before* the Supreme Court enunciated it. He did everything he could to weld the Negro voters into a solid Republican bloc. He opposed trade unions, and he curried support by promising that Negroes would stay in their place, as the white South conceived their place. Spencer reports these facts, and many others like them, but he goes to hopeless lengths to interpret them away. For instance, he makes a half-hearted effort to identify Washington's emphasis on industrial education and economic advancement with the recent enactment of the FEPC laws. But nothing could be more misleading. Washington said that Negroes who were worthy could get ahead *as individuals;* they didn't need laws or organizations. He never conceded that the road to economic progress for Negroes lay in group action to alter the politico-legal framework. He pointed another road, and the road was largely a blind alley.

The debate a half-century ago between Washington and W. E. B. DuBois about the correct strategy for Negro progress is still a living and vital matter for us all. But Spencer, by neglecting the major issues and ranging the gamut of minor ones, has made the whole thing almost incomprehensible.

RAY GINGER formerly taught at Western Reserve and Harvard University.

An Epic of Australia

THE TREE OF MAN. By Patrick White. The Viking Press. $4.50.

By Stanley Cooperman

THERE are some areas of human experience which the novelist must render as epic. The great tales of exploration and adventure fall into the classical pattern of epic, with voyage and hero. There is, however, another epic pattern—the biblical—which has returned to new literature only with the opening of new lands. All the elements of harshness and joy are present: the patriarch, the wilderness, the promise, the woman, the descendants, the "falling on evil ways," the prodigal, the decline into materialism.

Peraps the two forms may be described as the literature of discovery and the literature of settlement, of the hero and the land. In American fiction we have had both the Indian-fighter and the patriarch, and now that the frontier is gone new novelists use it largely as a background for historical fiction.

In Australian literature, however, the frontier is contemporary; even closer to the novelist than the American frontier was to such writers as Willa Cather. There are still great masses of land which have not yet been tamed or made productive, and the individuals who carve a farm or ranch from wilderness have a vitality which has not yet faded into the past. "The Tree of Man" is a novel of the frontier—the contemporary frontier of Australia—and in this book Patrick White has produced a regional epic of land, labor, and space.

American readers will recognize much in this fiction. The patriarch,

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whom we first meet as a young man, has his strength in his arms rather than his vocal chords. By urban standards he is dull. There is, however, the introspection and sensitivity of those who spend much of their lives in wilderness. "Self reliance" for such people becomes more than a phrase of literary Brahminism. There *is* only the self and the land. The drama of the mind, of restless dream, is no less vital because its resources are limited.

The relationship between men and women is also placid on the surface only. The communication between White's Stan Parker and Amy, for example, is perhaps more complex than those which occur where there are many distractions of society, amusement, or esthetic sophistication. Along with an acceptance of event, a certain stolidity or determination *(this* is the place I will make my farm, *this* is the woman I have chosen), there is perpetual discovery in depth, a discovery by the individual of his self and of the few other individuals who make up the total of his life. *Knowing* in this sense becomes an altogether different word than the knowledge achieved by the quick, brilliant, or talented.

Patrick White is able to draw the exact image, the point of moment, in sensitive but unrhetorical language. Here, truly, is precision without poverty:

> The man who sat on the cart got down. He rubbed his hands together because it was already cold. a curdle of cold cloud in a pale sky, and copper in the west. On the air you could smell the frost. As the man rubbed his hands, the friction of the cold skin intensified the coldness of the air and the solitude of that place. Birds looked down from twigs, and the eyes of animals were drawn to what was happening. The man lifting a bundle from a cart. A dog lifting his leg on an anthill. The lip drooping on a sweaty horse.

"The Tree of Man" is a large, leisurely book, with little of the explosive action or tension marking so much of modern fiction. Even its climaxes are oddly muted, as sounds in a great space of country. For all the slow rambling of Patrick White's story, however, he has produced a novel which brings to life, as no other book, the open farmlands of Australia.

Theater

Harold Clurman

"WILL SUCCESS Spoil Rock Hunter?" by George Axelrod (Belasco Theater) is a fantasy disguised as an ordinary farce. All farces are essentially fantastic, but in this case there is almost no pretense that the story is even fictitiously real: the central character is the Devil in the familiar form of a movie agent.

I believe I should have liked the play more if it had been presented as a fantasy—an entertainment which took even greater liberties with reality than farce permits. But in this I am box-office wrong. Our audiences prefer their falsehoods straight—perhaps because in the theater at least they are hardly concerned with truth. Here I suspect they are not even concerned with fiction—the play is a series of jokes or improvised gags about Hollywood.

Some of the jokes are funny and there is—helpfully from the standpoint of a certain audience—a bit of rancid ribaldry about many of them. I am a poor audience for these jokes because I consider most of the quips about Hollywood to be based on a lie. The joke about Hollywood's stupidity, madness, and immorality was effective as long as we believed that the people who made the joke had values which were not those of Hollywood—but this is no longer true. Motion pictures are a great industry at which many able people are hard at work, and the product of which most of us patronize. We now realize—if we never did before—that the majority of the people who scoff at Hollywood are extremely eager to become and remain part of its corruption, madness, etc. Martin Gabel, Walter Matthau, and Harry Clark help a great deal through their extraordinarily expert performances.

"A ROOMFUL of Roses" by Edith Sommer (Playhouse) is a competent little play of a kind I find difficult to describe without sounding snide. I might say that it is one of the best plays of 1915. Or I might say it is like a domestic story in *Collier's,* but actually, I don't read *Collier's,* and its stories may be quite different from what I imagine them to be.

What I mean, I suppose, is that "A Roomful of Roses," which deals with a mother's winning of her estranged daughter—estranged through a divorce in which the father won custody of the child—is a neat arrangement of its material with just enough relationship to life to make it credible without ever striking any other note than the conventional. The play is pleasantly humorous, dramatically glib, trite with a rosy hue. Its production conforms to its writing—professional with a stagey ease—the parts all nicely played and

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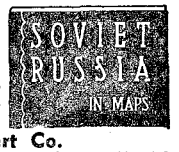

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well-adjusted to the play's mechanics.

There are audiences for this attraction as there are for "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" Far be it from me to discourage them from seeing what they may enjoy.

MODEST productions of fine plays continue to brighten the corners of our city. At the 4th Street Theater, for example, Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard" may be seen sensitively done by a youngish company. Not all the casting or acting is adequate, although the Tropinov of Gerald Hicken and Nancy Wickwire's Varya are excellent. What is more important is that there is some real feeling for the play in the production, and that the play itself is warm, sweet, humane, understanding, and forever significant. I have seen it in several languages and in many different types of production, but I have never failed to be touched by it.

There would be little point in this limited space in my attempting to interpret the play anew. All that I care to emphasize here is that the recent outcry in some critical quarters about the undramatic nature of plays about frustrated and futile people is founded on a fundamental fallacy. The frustration of Chekhov's people is moving and dramatic because they are deeply perceived, real, and lovable people while the activity of most characters in contemporary shows is meaningless because the characters are empty stereotypes whose usual goal is to accomplish something about which we care very little. What Chekhov's people desire is greater human contact, love, and an ideal by which to live. Chekhov's plays, written from the viewpoint of a particular time and place, are at once social and universal. The time and place are no more, but the human condition that his plays express is still with us even in the America of 1955!

"No Time for Sergeants"

THE AMIABLE simpleton who wrecks entrenched pomposity by clear and childlike logic is a classic hero of comedy. Will Stockdale of "No Time for Sergeants" is a good-humored, simple-minded Georgia plow boy caught up in the classification system of the United States air force, and the situation promises well. But, as it turns out, Will himself does nothing to the air force; he merely stands around guffawing while other people do implausibly silly things and an arbitrary plot rips the organization to pieces.

"No Time for Sergeants" is Will's explanation, in monologue and flashbacks, to the folks back home of how he happened to get a medal. Back home is the Li'l Abner country and you may find Will's view of what is worth repeating a bit primitive. He was pleased and honored when the friendly sergeant made him Permanent Latrine Orderly; some nice fellows mixed him a drink of scotch, rye, gin, and lighter fluid and he enjoyed several large glasses (tasted sort of like the likker Pa makes, only mighty weak); a half-dozen infantry soldiers jumped him one night, but he knocked them all out and was glad for the exercise; he sure had a time pronouncing those funny words on the wall chart: PCZLMTB, XFJQRYN, etc.

None of this forced and rather jaded slapstick has the remotest bearing on how the air force conducts its business. And the notion that Will Stockdale is one too many for his superior officers is only a bare unproved assumption. What is too much for them is a plot gimmick that blows Will up in an atomic test but fails to hurt him (like the mixed drink). The most excruciatingly funny consequences follow from this—at least, a lot of running around and shouting.

Andy Griffith, who plays Stockdale, comes straight from the back country by way of the University of North Carolina, phonograph recordings, night-club engagements, and television. He has an open face, a pork-chop accent, and a miraculously preserved air of innocence. Mr. Griffith is a monologist by trade and has worked up a small package of gestures and facial expressions that might get him handsomely through a fifteen-minute spot. In a full evening, the changes he rings on vacuity become monotonous, but that is not necessarily his shortcoming. The play gives him only one string to pluck.

Myron McCormick, as the sergeant of the title, and Roddy McDowell, as Stockdale's somewhat quicker buddy, work at a level of hysteria that is almost entirely self-induced. They look at their problem boy and begin screaming, but he is by no means that stimulating.

The set is a mechanical masterpiece, with no pretensions to innocence. It slides left and right, up stage and down, in sections or all together, transforming itself from one scene to another like a fully-automatic Japanese house. And in the second act we are entertained by an almost full-size airplane in flight, a nuclear explosion, and a real parachute descent that are rousers. Peter Larkin, the inventor of all this machinery, knows that spectacle is the way to a playgoer's heart. It is legitimate cinemascope.

ROBERT HATCH.

Music

B. H. Haggin

EACH time the Sadler's Wells Ballet has appeared in New York I have had great pleasure from the richly mounted and carefully prepared productions in which the large, well-rehearsed company dances with easy assurance and precision and engaging sweetness and good manners. But I must add that seeing the productions with eyes increasingly accustomed to Balanchine's use of the classic idiom and to the sharply defined execution of his choreography by the dancers of the New York City Ballet, I have been increasingly aware of the softness, amounting almost to flabbiness, of the general dancing style of the Sadler's Wells company—though not of certain of its soloists—in the execution of classic ballet movements less distinguished and impressive than Balanchine's. I was aware of this a few weeks ago even in the Sadler's Wells company's most beautiful achievement—its production of "The Sleeping Beauty," with the scenery and costumes of Oliver Messel and, at the performance I saw, the elegant precision of Margot Fonteyn.

To its revivals of this work and "Swan Lake" the company this year

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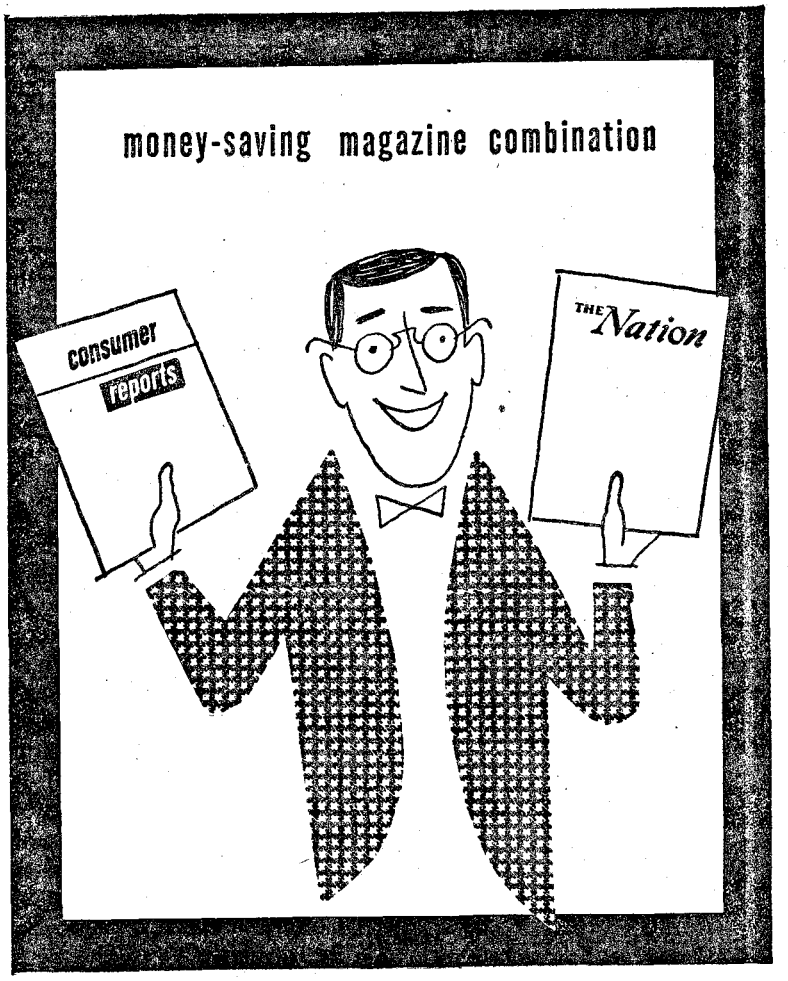
added productions of another old classic, "Coppelia," and two classics of the Diaghilev repertory, Fokine's "Les Sylphides" and "The Firebird." In Sergeyev's version of "Coppelia" I saw a lovely and charming performance in the title role by Svetlana Beriosova, but a mazurka that betrayed the English nationality of its participants. "Les Sylphides" was revised by Serge Grigoriev and Liubov Tchernicheva of the Diaghilev company, whose changes of detail merely, in effect, added another variant of the piece to those we have seen; and the piece is one in which the company's soft style worked well in the context that set off the stronger dancing of Fonteyn.

On the other hand Grigoriev's and Tchernicheva's restoration of the original Fokine choreography for "The Firebird" to the luxuriant original version of Stravinsky's score was very different from the streamlined Balanchine version to Stravinsky's reduced score that we have seen in recent years. The general effect of greater amplitude—in music, in story line, and from the use of a larger company in the dance of Kostchei's subjects and in the finale—was one thing I liked; another was the *pas de deux* of the captured Firebird struggling in the arms of Ivan Tsarevitch, which seemed to me as original and imaginative and effective today as when I first saw it forty years ago; and as for the movements in the big dances that are ineffective today, I accepted them as less effective parts of a great work, with the further thought that they might be revised by someone with skill and taste like Frederic Ashton. Fonteyn's performance in the title role, in which she was coached by Karsavina who created it originally, was superb, and revealed to my eyes no reason for the controversy it aroused in England.

I saw this time Ashton's "Homage to the Queen," which I missed the last time, and which had been described to me as Ashton's "Four Temperaments." It turned out to be as rich in invention as this praise implied, but invention in which I was conscious always of artful contrivance, as against the naturalness and inevitability of Balanchine. But Ashton's "Facade" I again found to be a masterpiece; and recalling his "Wedding Bouquet" and his performance as one of the Ugly Sisters



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in "Cinderella" I will risk the generalization that he is strongest in all forms of comedy.

THREE performances of Mozart's Symphony K.425 ("Linz") have been issued on records. The best pacing of the work, giving it an easy, natural flow, is heard in the performance on Telefunken LGX-66020 (with Schubert's Symphony No. 5), in which the Berlin Chamber Orchestra plays well and phrases simply under von Benda's direction. Additional refinements of orchestral execution and phrasing are heard on Columbia ML-5001 in Beecham's performance with the Royal Philharmonic, but with an over-deliberate tempo in the exposition of the second movement as against the more flowing pace of the development and recapitulation, a slow tempo in the minuet and further excessive slowing down in the trio, and some eccentric balances in the finals. On the reverse side is an effective performance of the Symphony K.385 ("Haffner"). And even more beautiful execution is heard from the group of assembled New York orchestral musicians that plays under Bruno Walter on side 4 of Columbia SL-224, "The Birth of a Performance"; but the performance recalls Toscanini's remark years ago: "When Walter comes to something beautiful he melts." And the melting can be heard in the rehearsals that are reproduced on the other three sides. The accompanying booklet has informative and enthusiastic notes by Neville Cardus, excellent action photographs of Walter at the rehearsals, and the full score of the symphony; thus everything is done to enable us, in Mr. Cardus's words, "to hear a great conductor at rehearsal changing notes into music." In fact one thing too many was done: though Mr. Cardus says Walter didn't know he was "under the microphone" during the rehearsals, Mr. David Oppenheim of Columbia informs us of what is visible in the photographs—that "for the rehearsal sides only one microphone was used, placed directly in front of Dr. Walter for optimum pickup of his voice."

Since Dr. Walter must have been aware of the purpose of this microphone-placement he must have been self-conscious; and while it gives us optimum pickup of what he says, it never gives us correctly the sound he is talking about, which we must hear correctly if we are to understand and appreciate fully what he says and does about it. If the normal microphone-placement for recording the orchestra had been used we would get what he says *and* the sound he is talking about.

COLUMBIA ML-5002 offers Walter's performance with a similar orchestra of Mozart's charming early Symphony K.200, in which his melting over the Andante movement changes it into a dragging Adagio. The Symphony K.183 in G minor, in which others hear premonitions of the great G minor that are inaudible to me, is on the reverse side.

On London LL-1206 is Mozart's Serenade K.203, with lovely Andante and minuet movements, played well by the New Symphony under Maag.

And on London LL-1172 is the delightful Violin Concerto K.216, played simply by Ferras with the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra under Muenchinger, but not as remarkably as by Poulet on the Remington record. The Concerto K.268, begun but not completed by Mozart, is on the reverse side.

Two Obstructive Votes In the Keystone State

(Continued from opposite page 373)

and a reduction in state services which they know are necessary. There is an appalling lack of awareness among many Democrats as to the real nature of the combat in which they are engaged. Leader and his friends are fighting at close quarters in Harrisburg, where the Republicans can't be licked. But the battle ought to be spread deliberately across the entire state—by sound truck and street corner if necessary—to give the people a chance to win.

[JAMES HIGGINS is the managing editor of the York (Pa.) *Gazette and Daily*.]

CORRECTION

In The Nation of October 22, Warwick C. Lamoreaux, author of the article entitled The "Ute" Scandal, was erroneously listed as a Colorado state senator. He is a former state senator of Utah.

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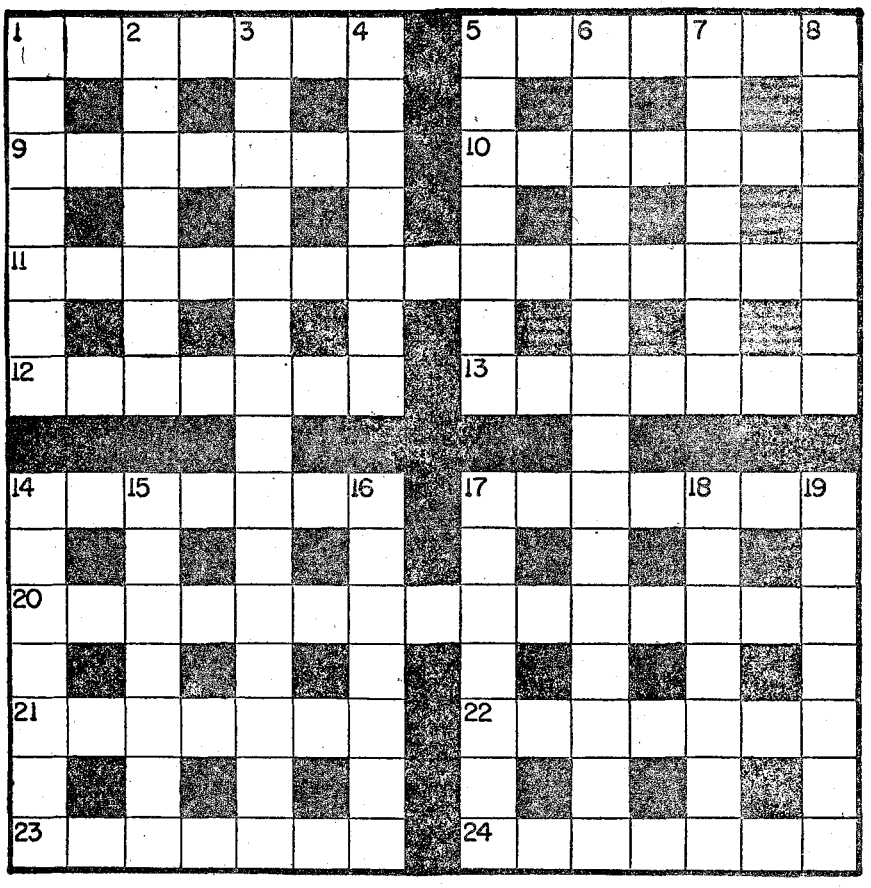
Crossword Puzzle No. 644

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 3 down
5 Caricatured ruthlessly, in fact portraying a "Treasure Island" character. (7)
9 Variety of sheep. (7)
10 Smart surrounding if making something finer. (7)
11 Carpenters aren't in a class by themselves here. (9,6)
12 This wild lioness might prove dangerous. (7)
13 Involved in a film take-off? (7)
14 Dressed to kill, as those in 7 down might be. (7)
17 Tearing off like a fish in the sound. (7)
20 In a fitting manner. (15)
21 Implying father doesn't work very much as an inkeeper. (7)
22 Lively variation to a main theme? (7)
23 Regular methods. (7)
24. The better half of Napoleon. (7)

DOWN

1 He leaves one across confused by an extremely unusual addition. 7)
2 Trips, p e r h a p s, and stumbles around. (7)
3 and 1 across Implying a purse might be actually followed with the wrong assistant? (9,6,3,4)
4 Everything comes out equal about it. (Those are the things which count!) (7)
5 Rules about w h a t sometimes makes a plural? (7)
6 Does it imply a telegraphic garble? (It could make you quite burned up!) (9,6)
7 Consonant. (7)
8 Stickled. (7)
14 What a true believer does. (7)
15 Screen theme of D-D-C's in the key of C? (7)
16 Lower. (7)
17 A place to stay in step with the boat? (7)
18 Inherent when not exactly raining. (7)
19 Used to string up Fawkes? (3,4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 643

ACROSS: 8, 12, 1 and 14 TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE BROTH; 9 CUFF LINK; 10 and 20 WEATHER FORECAST; 13 LEAN-TO; 15 LAHORE; 22 STRAY; 23 STUCCO; 24 WORTH; 26 REHEAR; 28 STONE; 29 ENCORES; 30 ESCANABA; 31 and 17 BOWLING ALLEY; 32 INDECENT. DOWN: 1 SICK CALL; 2 and 18 OFF TO THE RACES; 3 LOLLS; 4 HANDLE; 5 TOKEN; 6 AMATORY; 7 INDENTS; 10 WALLS; 11 AT BEST; 16 RATHER; 19 ACCOLADE; 21 CORNCOB; 22 STROLLS; 25 PRISON; 27 HEINE; 28 SHAME.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, New York

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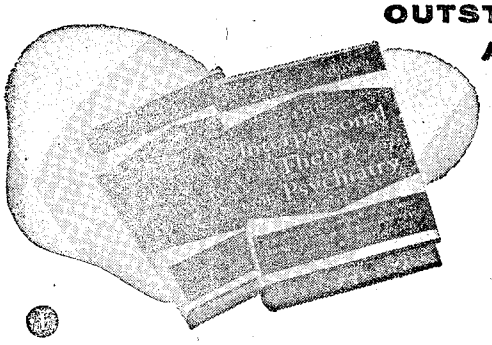

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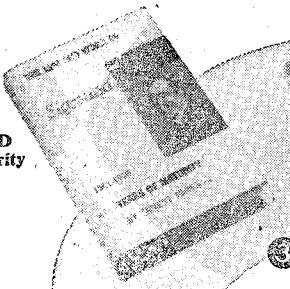

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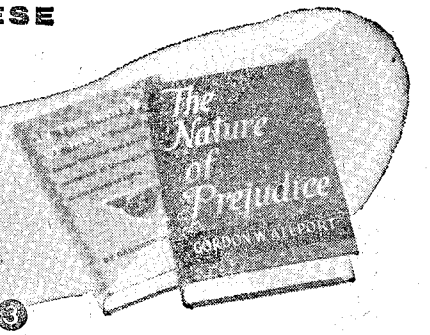

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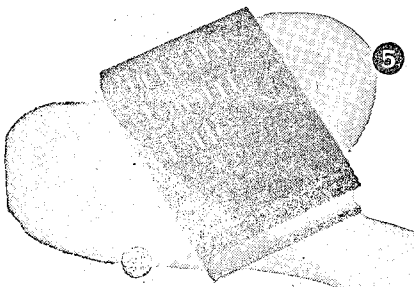

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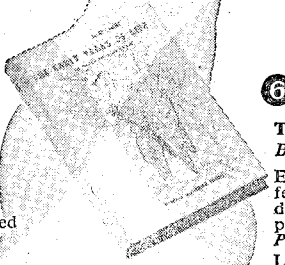

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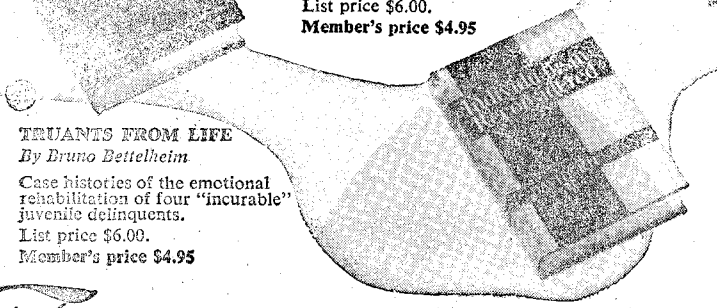

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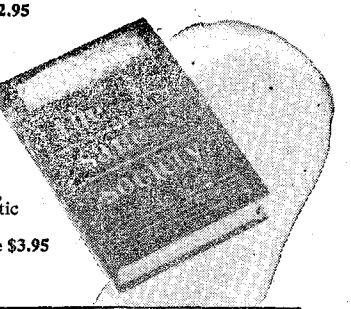

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